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MAY 15, 1972

THE BIG RED BLITZ

TIME



**North
Viet Nam's
General
Giap**

The FBI after Hoover

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The gown was created for Liquore Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.



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Wilson X-31. For the golfer who wants to get the ball in the air more often and hit it farther.

The WILSON X-31 is made for players who are less than consistent in getting the ball up off the fairway and are being robbed of important distance on too many shots.

To help them get the ball up consistently we've designed the X-31 irons with the "radius sole".

It is extremely wide, and is curved from leading edge to back in a gentle arc similar to that of a normal golf swing. (see top diagram)

This curvature allows the club head to flow through the shot smoothly, sliding easily across the turf without dragging or digging in.

And as a further safeguard against digging in, the leading edge of the X-31 is beveled.

Notice, too, that the extra width of the sole puts greater weight below the center line of the ball on impact so that the power of the stroke is delivered low on the ball. Result: fast lift and extra yardage.

The X-31 sole is also contoured from heel to toe.

Since a smaller segment of the sole comes in contact with the turf, there's little chance of digging in, or for "turf drag". (see bottom diagram) Result: more club head speed and greater accuracy.

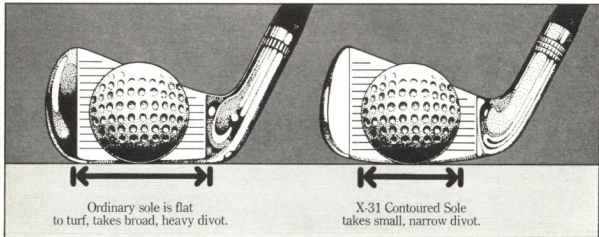
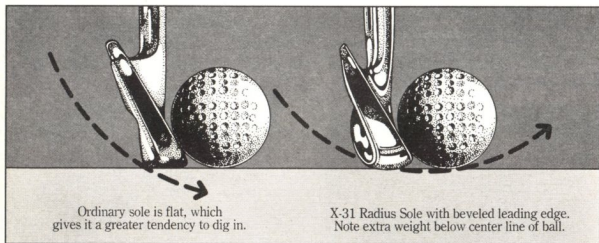
If you find yourself digging in when you attempt to get under the ball, or if you're losing too much distance and accuracy because of turf drag, the flat-sole clubs you're playing now aren't going to help you very much, or very soon.

Next time you're around the pro shop, hit a few with a Wilson X-31.

You're probably a lot better golfer than you think you are.

Wilson X-31 Clubs

For shots that get up faster and go farther.



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Baird & Warner

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flying first class than a
meal and a movie.
I've offered more for years.**

The Red Baron

My first-class Senator Service was voted by American travel agents as best across the Atlantic. It starts even before you get off the ground. At my brand-new terminal at JFK in New York you check in at special Senator Service counters, then you are whisked in a private elevator up to the spacious, uncrowded Senator Lounge, with a well-stocked bar and an art gallery. There even are conference rooms for a business meeting right at the airport, if you need a last-minute predeparture get-together with your business associates. And in Germany you enjoy an equally magnificent Senator Lounge.

Aboard a Lufthansa jet, sitting in the first-class seats is like sitting in a diplomat's limousine. There is a little soft footstool for your feet so you can take off your shoes and wiggle your toes in woolly slippers my lovely stewardess gives you. And you can stroll around my spacious 747, go up the spiral staircase to the lounge, have a drink at the bar, choose a bonbon from the box that's always there. (You ever try German marzipan? Oh boy.)

Did I mention the food? A menu

like you get only in a fine Continental restaurant, with a tremendous choice of appetizers and seven entrées, hors d'oeuvres, desserts, wines, cocktails, champagne, beer (westbound, it's on draft), soft drinks, all served in crystal and china on linen. And cheeses and pumpnickel and Continental chocolates.

And a movie to watch (or ignore), five different stereo music channels to listen to (\$2.50 for the ear-phones), and big windows to see out of. And a friendly bunch of stewards and stewardesses who will talk to you about their favorite restaurant in Cologne and their favorite ski slope at Innsbruck.

I have gone on too long, but I cannot stop talking about my Lufthansa Senator Service. Lufthansa flies to over 100 places in over 66 countries. Next time you fly, fly Lufthansa, the airline that knows what the other ones have just found out.

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LETTERS

Cain Did It

Sir / After reading your Essay "Psychology of Murder" [April 24], I am forced to say that phrases like "Violence is as American as cherry pie" and "sick society"—mouthing and re-mouthing incessantly for shock effect—offend my passion for scientific accuracy.

To impute collective responsibility when only one or a few individuals are involved is not only inaccurate but quite unfair, and it serves only to encourage crime. Crime is committed by those who *do* it or have it done, and not by the body of society, which is on the whole law-abiding.

If we are to halt crime, we have to stop blurring the distinction between Cain and Abel. It was Cain who killed his brother.

NANCY CATHERINE MOORE
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir / You seem to think that all you have to do is disarm the citizen and your problems are ended. It sounds so simple and easy. But just try it. Most of the firearms in the U.S. today are owned by hard-working average American people who enjoy hunting and target sport-shooting. I myself have three rifles, one shotgun and two automatic pistols. The availability of these firearms to me is not a stimulus to murder as you suggest.

DOON NOLURY
Southington, Conn.

Sir / Since man cannot create life at will or spontaneously, he is in awe of his power to destroy it. This may be the reason for his fascination with murder. But I doubt that just acknowledging an unhealthy fascination with murder will change man's impulses to destroy life.

JUDY ODDENINO
Falls Church, Va.

Sir / An action becomes violent when selfish concern for a particular goal overrides consideration for others.

Our cultural emphasis on self-reliant individualism has augmented our instinctive self-concern, and our cultural emphasis on winning and competing has helped produce a society unresponsive to the needs of others, which in turn makes it more necessary to be self-concerned to survive.

MARILYN KRAMER
Wausau, Wis.

Sir / Virginia Adams failed to analyze the most bloody and murderous of all: the females who kill their young by abortion.

The reasoning for murder is simple. In the dim but not so distant past, it was thought that a human being had the right to be loved because he existed. More recently he is granted the right to exist only if he is loved beforehand.

Why do we complain of an impersonal Military-Industrial-Complex-for-Murder when we demand government-paid abortion on request?

HENRY V. SATTLER, PH.D.
Scranton, Pa.

Outrage over Taxes

Sir / As one of the Middle American taxpayers near revolt [April 24], I can assure you that my primary concern is not the loopholes in the income tax law. My outrage is over the fantastic and ever-increasing demands of the Federal Government for more and more tax dollars. The Congress continues to spend as though there were no bottom to the taxpayer's pocket.

My view as a Middle American taxpayer

History's Mystery

The origin of distilled whisky is as lost in history as is the origin of the wheel. There are legends and tales and even a number of archaeological findings that we can examine.

But nothing conclusive to prove who first put grain through the complicated process which yields the magic liquid that is the mark of civilized people everywhere.

Though it's well over two-hundred years old we do know the history of one of the great names in distilling. Justerini & Brooks was in business three decades before the American Revolution.

They were already more than a hundred years old and a tradition with Europe's reigning monarchs when Charles Dickens began patronizing the firm in the 1860's.

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And natural leaf wrapper, too. Rare leaf, chosen for aroma and color: natural, "green" Candela or dark Maduro wrappers.

So when you take the "wraps" off any Bering cigar that sells for 15¢ and up, you'll find we give you the finest cigar-making to go with the finest cigar "makings" inside.

Bering... Cigarmakers since 1905



LETTERS

is that I would prefer to see the Federal Government spend less, a lot less, rather than worry about the loopholes.

PAUL R. GRAVES
South Burlington, Vt.

Sir / So John Connally was outraged over the way taxpayers were cheating the Government. Bully for him! I am outraged too! I suggest that all persons who are called in for auditing take their cases to the tax courts. If a couple of million cases bog down in the courts, they will never be straightened out.

RAY LUKACS
Cleveland

Sir / I am puzzled by the gross inconsistency of Senators running about the country and buying about tax reform.

Why don't they stay in Congress where they belong and do something about it?

R.D. MAHAFFEY
Missoula, Mont.

A Worried Look

Sir / The cover photo by David Burnett [April 17] of the ARVN soldier peering worriedly from under his camouflaged helmet epitomizes so much of the mess that is Viet Nam today. Protected for the moment by a U.S. steel helmet and a U.S. flak jacket, he is still apprehensive about the future. We've put food in his mouth, clothes on his back, weapons in his hands, but we have not put fire in his belly. He has to do that for himself.

Until the people of South Viet Nam find some national pride, we are only messing about on the pretext of doing good.

ROBERT HARKER
Northbrook, Ill.

Sir / Having spent Tet '68 in beautiful downtown Danang, dodging rockets and participating in a limited, unpopular war full of restrictions and contradictions, I, too, returned home

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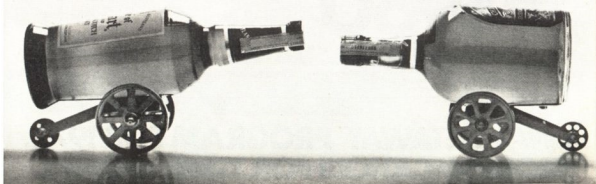
The House of Stuart challenges The House of Chivas

Word is out that people in the privacy of their homes are pouring an inexpensive scotch into fancy scotch bottles. And they're getting away with it. Well, Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker and J&B, we thought you'd like to know the other scotch is probably us. House of Stuart.

House of Stuart Scotch is blended on the shores of Loch Lomond—and you can't be more Scotch than that. But it's shipped here in bulk and bottled here. So it costs much less than the bottled-in-Scotland scotches it tastes just as good as.


So, expensive scotch distillers, if one day in Scotland you run out of scotch to pour in your bottles, just ring our distillery down the road and we'll gladly send over some of ours. And no one will be the wiser.

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Which is how we got our full name, Myers's Planters Punch Rum.

And here it is, the old plantation recipe with Myers's, the true Jamaican rum:

3 oz. of orange juice
1 tsp. superfine sugar
juice of half a lime or lemon
dash of Grenadine
1½ oz. Myers's Rum
Shake well with ice, strain
into glass filled with ice.
If desired garnish with a
slice of lemon or lime, orange
and a cherry.

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LETTERS

disillusioned. But, like many G.I.s, I felt the North's aggression, overt or covert, was as important to stop as the aggression we faced from North Korea, Japan and Germany.

Now another North Vietnamese offensive is on. This time, however, Nixon has called the enemy's bluff by supporting the ARVN with airpower and finally carrying the war back to the targets that count in the North.

K.N. BROWN JR.
Belleville, Ill.

Sir / Now for the first time I am hoping for a North Vietnamese victory. Something must be done to end the war, and the long sought answer may have arrived. Who knows? We might even lose Richard Nixon in the deal.

WALTER SCALITZER
Bellingham, Wash.

Responsible Remark

Sir / A remark that disparages the Italian people is attributed to an unidentified "senior Rand Corporation analyst [April 17]." Let me assure you that if such a statement was indeed made by a member of the Rand staff, he was not reflecting a corporate viewpoint.

We at Rand deplore such an irresponsible, reprehensible remark.

DONALD B. RICE
President
The Rand Corporation
Santa Monica, Calif.

The Cost of Toast

Sir / After reading your article "The Sprouting Farm Issue" [April 24], I am amazed. If it took eleven hours of farm labor to produce a bushel of wheat, your morning toast would be at a price that would make you appreciate it.

JERRY J. CLARK
Mayville, Wis.

■ Time should have said that eleven hours of work can produce 100 bushels of wheat.

Sir / Your article lamenting "giantism" on the farm is a non sequitur. I am waiting for you to advocate the efficient manufacture of quality automobiles in small corner garages.

W.C. FOXLEY
Omaha

Ridiculous Implication

Sir / Your piece entitled "Dirty Harry" [May 1] was misleading and unfair. Perhaps this was because TIME magazine was not present, and because it therefore missed the flavor and intent of the verbal exchange between reporters and me, my words were taken out of context. Those reporters present did not use the exchange because they understood that I was trying to underscore the ridiculous implication of a question and comment from two reporters by responding with an equally ridiculous and facetious comment. Every reporter I have talked with since your publication of the story was likewise surprised that TIME would print such a distorted picture, which, rather than being "colorful," only serves to intensify racial polarization.

HARRY S. DENT
Special Counsel to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Awards and Guesses

Sir / In response to your story on the National Book Awards [April 24], I want to point out that, as spokesman for the three judges of children's books, I stated at the press conference that we had not been able to reach a unanimous

The budgeting shopper's guide to Europe

Does the high cost of shopping depress you? Cheer up! Let the frugal Dutch show you how to get real value for a dollar—on a shopping trip that starts with a 747 flight nonstop from Chicago to KLM's Surprising Amsterdam.

Prices these days are enough to make you faint. Take a look at the cost of clothing, gift items, or even the lowly chuck steak. Ouch!

But the frugal Dutch can almost make spending money enjoyable again. How? By giving more mileage and value for your money. For example:

1. \$460*. Between now and June 1, the cheapest 2-week tour to the Continent you can buy from any regularly scheduled airline costs \$460. For \$460* on a reliable KLM tour, you'll be fed generously during your nonstop flight from Chicago, fussed over by a KLM 747-Bravo crew—and find a mileage-free rental car waiting for you in Amsterdam. It's yours during your entire stay in Europe. Or, for the same \$460* you can have a tour of Amsterdam, London and Paris, theater tickets in each city and simple guesthouse accommodations (without private bath) during your tour. Both tours are for two weeks.

2. Diamonds are a girl's best bargain. If you're ever going to buy a sparkly little rock, buy it in Surprising Amsterdam. Unmounted diamonds aren't taxed and cost about 25 percent less than in New York. You will pay U.S. Customs duties, but they're low: 4½ percent for stones under a half carat, 6 percent for bigger diamonds.



A diamond that sells for \$1,000 in New York will cost about \$800, duty included, when you bring it home from Amsterdam.

3. Low-priced art. From 17th-Century Rembrandt to 20th-Century Mondrian, Holland has been spawning great artists. Most of the classic master-



pieces are in Amsterdam's great museums—but you can find real bargains in original work by contemporary Dutch artists. Currently, canvases by one well-reviewed young Dutchman are selling for \$200, his signed and numbered lithographs for \$25.

4. Gold, silver and pewter. Gold jewelry, 14 and 18 karat, costs about 20 percent less than its equivalent in the United States. Silver is another great buy. Particularly famous are Dutch speeltjes—little filigree figurines that you can sometimes buy for just \$8. If you fancy pewter, Holland is the place. You'll even find pewter objects made from 18th-Century molds.

5. Last-minute bargain chart. Some of the best bargains can be found on your way home, at the Amsterdam Airport tax-

free shopping center. Study the chart and rejoice:

Item	U.S. Price	Amsterdam Airport Price
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Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch (quart)	12.50	6.35
Sony Tape Recorder	219.95	149.00

6. Free book on shopping. Mail the coupon for the absolutely free 224-page KLM Shopping Guide to Holland. Then call your travel agent or reliable KLM Royal Dutch Airlines at 346-4134 and 346-3635.

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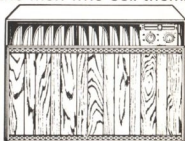
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This warranty includes the cost of labor for refrigerant cycle repairs only when performed in Authorized Repair Stations. The refrigerant cycle includes the compressor, condenser, evaporator and inter-connecting tubing.

This warranty does not include the cost of labor required to replace or service other parts, or to any charges for removal, transportation or reinstallation of the unit. Protection of this nature, if desired, may be obtained by purchasing a service or maintenance contract from an Airtemp dealer.

This warranty shall not apply to any room air conditioner that has been (1) subject to misuse, accident or neglect or (2) repaired or altered outside of the Airtemp Authorized Dealer, or Service Center so as to affect adversely its performance and reliability nor (3) to any repairs or servicing required as a result of using parts not sold or approved by Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation.

This warranty applies only to units purchased and installed after February 1, 1972 within the continental limits of the United States.

AIRTEMP DIVISION

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LETTERS

ymous decision, that the award was going to Donald Barthelme's *The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine*, and that we were not going to make our discussion public.

From this you deduce that "Lore Segal . . . filed a solid minority objection." Wrong guess, and two to go.

LORE SEGAL
New York City

Arctic Concerts

Sir / We all appreciated hearing the Seattle Symphony [April 24], even if its public utterances were condescending: "Alaskans are the most unsophisticated audiences in the world." I would like to point out that the Arctic Chamber Orchestra was in most of those places in the past two years, playing Bach and Mozart. We have given orchestral concerts in 17 different towns and villages, traveling over 7,000 miles in a DC-3. Other ensembles from the University of Alaska have played in villages the Seattle people never heard of. The Seattle Symphony is welcome back any time, but don't patronize the bush residents.

GORDON B. WRIGHT
Conductor
Arctic Chamber Orchestra
Fairbanks, Alaska

No Memos

Sir / With regard to your article "Questioning the Power of the Networks" [April 24], about their right to broadcast their own materials, especially the news, public affairs and documentary programming, I suggest that the three networks get together and offer three times \$400,000 to the Republican National Committee for their upcoming convention, together with an apology for having stepped on their toes.

It is also suggested that this be done through proper White House channels and that no memos be written!

VIRGINIA A. BOYE
Wausau, Wis.

A Long Season

Sir / Even many of us who are baseball "nuts" will admit that the season is too long, but your story [April 24] is really extending it by saying that 3,802 games remain even after 86 were canceled.

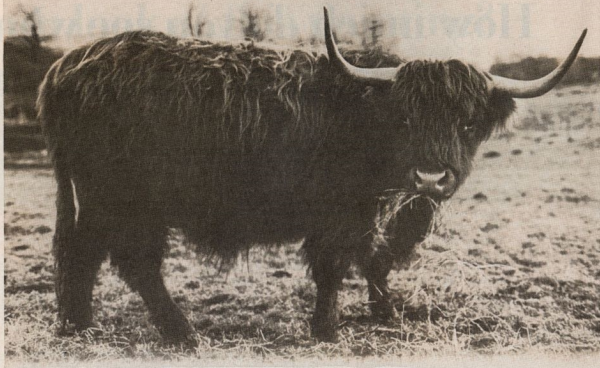
Unfortunately for many teams, it takes two teams to play one game. You'll find that the 1972 season will have 1,858 games. And that's still quite a few.

BERT L. "BUD" CHAMBERS JR.
Bartlesville, Okla.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Photographed in the Highlands outside Dufftown, Scotland.



This wee beastie knew the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch before the Grants did.

In 1885 Major William Grant was looking for a special kind of place to build his new Scotch distillery, with spring water clearer and fresher than anyone else's.

Then someone told him about Robbie Dubh's spring, in the village of Dufftown, where the rugged Highland cattle grazed. For years they had it all to themselves.

The water was perfect. So the Major bought the land, moved the Highland cattle to a new pasture of their own and soon was making the best Scotch whisky you could buy.

Today the icy fresh water of Robbie Dubh's spring is still part of Grant's 8 Scotch. It still helps create the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's mellowed to perfection for eight full years.

And Major Grant's great-grandchildren still give this special blend of Highland and other fine whiskies the kind of personal care and attention that only a family-owned and family-operated business can offer.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch. And you share it every time you open a bottle.



Grant's 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, ©1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

How much do you see when

Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from **THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH**.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this turbulently emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that overpowers the two clouds on the horizon. The foreground is uncertain—an ill-defined crossroad. A dirt path seen in part in the foreground runs blindly off both sides of the canvas; a grass track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself rises like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the tumult swarm toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the horizon rolls relentlessly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in on him and his roads of escape were blocked, with the land rising up and the sky glowering down. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something not only about this work, but about *all* works of art?

If your answer to any or all of these questions is yes...if a single paragraph from *The World of Van Gogh* helps you to see more, feel more, know more about art...just imagine what a 188-page book can do for you. Or books about other masters.

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The World of Van Gogh introduces you to the TIME-LIFE Library of Art—a richly illustrated series that brings right into your home the best of 700 years of Western painting and sculpture. With several volumes in print, the Library has been highly praised by critics all over the country. Focusing on the work and the world of artists such as Michelangelo, Goya or Turner, each volume is a splendid gallery, an invaluable reference book and a pleasurable way of increasing your appreciation of art.

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Written by Robert Wallace, *The World of Van Gogh* is 9" x 12", 188 pages, with 160 illustrations, many of them full- or double-pages. To help you see Van Gogh against the setting of his time and his contemporaries, the book also offers profusely illustrated chapters on Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as examples

of the work of Cézanne, Degas, Renoir, Monet and others. For all its luxurious features, the book costs only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. With it, you receive free a specially written 3,500-word essay on art history...plus a large, full-color chronology chart which lists 368 major Western artists.

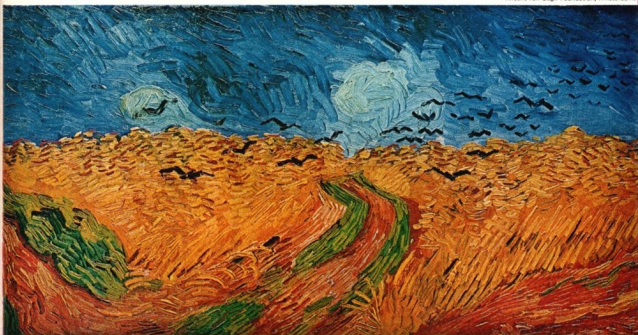
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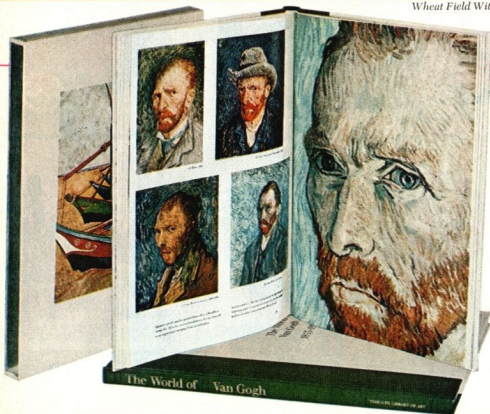
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you look at this painting?

Vincent Van Gogh Foundation, Amsterdam.



Wheat Field With Crows, Auvers, July 1890



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Fresh, premium-quality fruits and vegetables, under the new brand name *Sun Giant*,* are marketed by our agricultural subsidiary Heggblade-Margules-Tenneco. We work with growers in California, Texas, Arizona and Mexico; and distribute this blue-ribbon produce to markets across the nation.

Tenneco Oil Company's expanding mining activities have led us to Death Valley, producing colemanite, a vital ingredient for the growing fiber glass industry. We're the only domestic producer.



Our Newport News Shipbuilding is producing floating stations for power plants. These barge-mounted generators can be towed wherever needed to help supplement the supply of electricity during peak periods or emergencies.

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the decision to diversify in areas that were compatible with our total organization.

Today this pattern is evident throughout the fabric of Tenneco. From agriculture to land development, from chemicals to packaging, from tractors to automotive equipment, from gas transmission to oil operations, from construction machinery to shipbuilding.

In short, Tenneco has made diversification work. Our revenues have increased every single year. Now at \$2.8 billion—and building. Tenneco Inc., Houston, Texas 77001.

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Not just a central air conditioning unit. But our best. And that means you now have a choice. Both Carrier.

There's the new Round One. Best money can buy—from Carrier. Or the new Compact, best buy for the money—also from Carrier.

The unique design of the Round One makes it Carrier's most efficient residential unit. It uses the least power to cool an entire house. And it's the quietest, with a new 2-speed system that stays in low for normally hot days, shifts into high for scorchers.

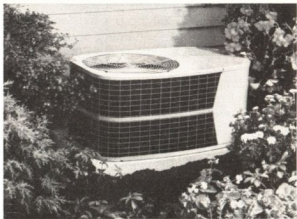
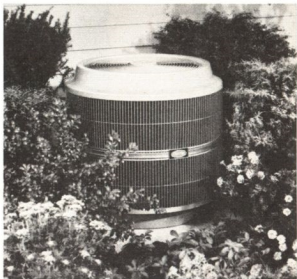
The Round One now has a new solid state control package that constantly monitors every critical circuit. If it senses any problem, it instantly responds to guard against possible damage.

On the other hand, there's the Compact. It doesn't have all the Round One's features—yet it cools every bit as well. And a unique computer-designed fan assembly keeps it just about as quiet. For the money, no other unit delivers more value.

Which is best for your home?

Only a Carrier Dealer can help you decide. To find the one nearest you, look in the Yellow Pages. He'll tell you about both. Some Carrier Dealers can even give you an estimate of your BTU requirements right on the phone.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company.



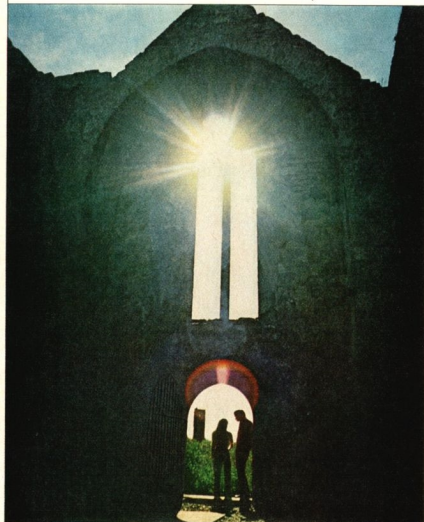
OR THE OTHER.



air conditioning

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Within the walls of this ancient abbey, you'll walk where 16th Century friars secluded themselves from the agents of Henry VIII.

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If you're flying to Europe this year, you've already paid for a visit to historic Ireland. That's right—your fare to London (or Paris, Rome . . . 23 European destinations) entitles you to stop in Ireland for not a penny extra in air fare. (One exception: this does not apply to our special low 22-45 day excursion fares.)

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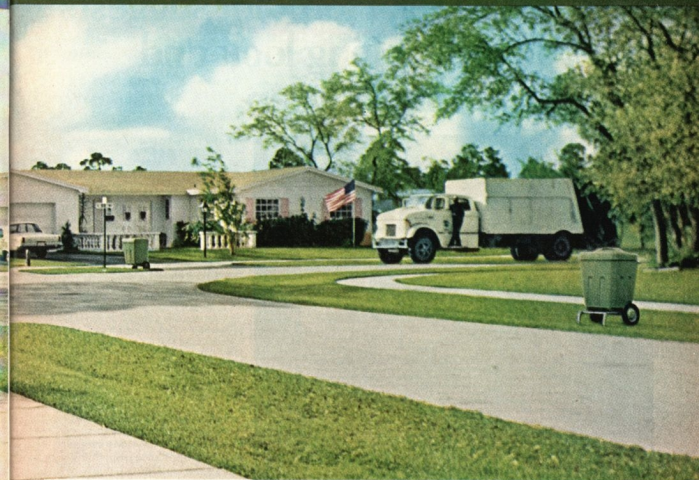
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the problem of trash collection?



We're part of an interesting experiment going on in Dade County, Florida.

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It's a new, semi-automatic system for collecting trash...and U.S. Steel is involved. A key part of the system is this 82-gallon plastic trash can you see here, which we developed specially

for this test.

It holds up to a week's trash, can be wheeled easily to the curb and back. If a can gets knocked over, it won't spill...because we gave it a patented locking lid.

The system means fewer

men collect this community's trash faster, at less cost. We're glad we could help make this system work...and hopefully, help America find a better way to collect trash.

USS is a registered trademark.



**We're
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Before you buy an air conditioner, Hotpoint suggests you take a long look and a short listen.



Even a short look at a Hotpoint Heritage will tell you it's one of the best looking air conditioners you can buy. You'll be proud to have it in any room.

And Hotpoint Heritage is quieter than a lot of other air conditioners. We've engineered it to give you cool comfort and keep quiet about it.

There's a Heritage to fit your cooling needs for most any room size. You can get them in capacities from 8,500 to 24,000 BTU. And they all have 3 fan speeds, an 8 position thermostat and a flip-out filter which may be vacuumed or washed clean.

Heritage air conditioners are only a part of a complete line of room air conditioners made by Hotpoint.

And, like every other Hotpoint appliance—washers and dryers, ranges, dishwashers, compactors,

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Welcome (Wrestling) Mat

There was a time in American life when a city bloomed with pride to host a national political convention. The 1968 debacle in Chicago changed all that. San Diego never wanted the Republicans this year in the first place. At the news last week that the G.O.P., faced with myriad logistical problems and the taint of the ITT brouhaha, was joining the Democrats in Miami Beach this summer, San Diego's mayor, police chief and a number of other city notables happily gathered "to toast the convention out of town."

Miami Beach—an island that can easily be closed off against mischief—thus becomes the first city since Chicago in 1952 to play host to both party conventions. The city is not exactly ecstatic over the honor. Only some vestige of civic duty (and whiff of profit) carried the motion in the city council by a scant 4-3 vote to invite the Republicans. The loyal opposition included the Chamber of Commerce and the Community Relations Board, who fear a seven-week encampment of antiwar protesters spanning the time from the Democratic opening on July 10 to the scheduled Republican closing on Aug. 24.

Easily the most splenic protest was voiced by Miami's Police Benevolent Association. In an extraordinary telegram, the association warned the Miami Beach Tourist Development Authority (which had promoted the Republican invitation): "You are now put on notice that civil action suits will be filed against your organization and individual members of the executive board on behalf of each and every Miami police officer and Miami citizen that is killed, injured or indicted as a result of the Republican National Convention and Democratic National Convention."

Night Encounter

It was 9 p.m., and night shrouded the Southern California coast. There was no sound but the rush of the surf as 80 Camp Pendleton Marines, their faces blackened, huddled in the brush in night ambush position. They kept their weapons at the ready in preparation for a night assault by "aggressors"—fellow Marines engaged in landing exercises.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by deep grunts as silhouettes appeared scaling a nearby fence. The silhouettes

advanced, and so did the Marines, blasting away with blanks. Finally a Spanish-speaking sergeant understood the frightened shouts and curses of the ambushed platoon. In fact, it was a band of Mexican migrant workers trying to enter the country illegally for the harvest season. They had made their way close to 80 miles north of the border.

The Marines turned the 20 terrified men over to the border patrol, which shipped them back to Mexico. Noting that 2,261 such immigrants were picked up in a recent week, one border patrolman commented: "If those guys tell their buddies about their experiences, we may see a slight decrease in the number of illegal aliens for a few days."

Regulating the Dream . . .

"A chicken in every pot and a car in every garage" once signaled the worldly limits of the American dream. Now many U.S. families can hardly function without at least two cars, and so overfilled is the dream that at least one community has found it necessary to regulate it. To ease the four-wheel clutter in the streets, the Cincinnati suburb of Green Township now requires all new houses to be built with two-car garages.

. . . And Paying for It

Such upward mobility comes high. In a study released last week, the Government estimates that the average American motorist will spend \$13,552.95 to operate his 1972 car over the next ten years and/or 100,000 miles. That assumes he buys a standard-size sedan for about \$4,400. Where does all the money go? It includes gas (\$2,787), maintenance (\$2,147), insurance (\$1,350), parking and tolls (\$1,800) and taxes (\$1,319). And that does not include the average eleven new tires an owner is likely to buy on what the report calls a car's "100,000-mile, ten-year trip from the assembly line to the junkyard."

Stone Soul Wonder

Black families quail in terror as Rodent, the dread giant rat, stalks the streets of the ghetto. No one seems to be a match for the evil Rodent; the ghetto dwellers are condemned to die an agonizing, verminous death. But wait! Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's... Black Man!!!

So you better hat up, Rodent, because it looks like Black Man is here to stay. Thanks to Tom Floyd, a Gary, Ind., commercial artist, young blacks



MIAMI BEACH CONVENTION HALL
Not exactly ecstatic.

can look up to an authentic soul hero. The first edition of Black Man Comics will shortly hit the newsstands with a very soulful twist on the requisite introductory issue: like Superman, Batman and Captain Marvel, Black Man is born of the transformation of a clean-cut young man into a creature possessed of superhuman powers.

In this case, the power is conferred by Scientist P.T. Jones (read: George Washington Carver) on a young black student-athlete named Steve Thomas with peanuts soaked in the mysterious chemical X. Wearing a slave-chain medallion, a cloth suit with the curse of Nat Turner upon it, and special boots that will enable him to fly by "lifting yourself by your own bootstraps," Black Man, the Soul Wonder of the World, sets out to "rid the universe of poverty, crime and racial bigotry." Its arch enemies are Rodent, who breeds on filth and spreads disease; Riot, an immense black god mad with the craving for destruction; and Narcotics, a heinous figure with hypodermic needles in place of fingers.

Floyd came by the idea because he saw the need to give black children their own hero to supplant those of his boyhood. As he puts it: "I got turned off of Tarzan because he was white and was always swinging out of trees and beating up black natives."

How the President Sees His Options

THE U.S. was rapidly assembling one of history's most powerful naval armadas in the Gulf of Tonkin. It was shipping M-48 tanks into Danang, landing tank-destroying, guided-missile helicopters from West Germany, reopening a bomber base in Thailand. Fresh fighter-bombers winged into the theater, bringing to 1,000 the number of U.S. planes poised to strike North Viet Nam. The gathering force had been ordered into place by a U.S. President who seemed determined either to blunt the Communist offensive that threatened to overpower such key South Vietnamese cities as Hué and Kontum, or to punish

aged the U.S. to reopen the suspended Paris peace talks. President Nixon had expressed "the firm expectation that productive talks leading to rapid progress will follow." Arriving in Paris, Hanoi's top negotiator, Le Duc Tho, announced encouragingly that "we do not, in any way, want to impose a Communist regime in South Viet Nam." He met with Kissinger, who had once more slipped secretly into Paris. But after a few meetings, public and private, the U.S. and South Viet Nam again broke off the negotiations, claiming "a lack of progress in every available channel."

Washington was deeply disappoint-

until it could perceive the outcome at Hué and Kontum, where Communist victories could demoralize the South's military and civil authority and perhaps achieve the goal of toppling the Saigon government of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Thus Hanoi stuck to its past bargaining positions in Paris. The U.S., while proclaiming flexibility on its negotiating points, remained firmly behind Thieu. Said Kissinger: "The only thing we have refused to do is to end the war by imposing a Communist government on South Viet Nam."

Impasse. The diplomatic impasse still centered upon the Communist insistence that Thieu's government must be replaced by a broader, but undetailed "government of national concord," while the U.S. continues to equate Thieu with the principle of elective government in South Viet Nam. So far Hanoi has shown no interest in the one concession on the Thieu government—Thieu's offer to resign one month before the holding of an election in which the National Liberation Front could help supervise the electoral machinery and also campaign for office. The Communists demand that creation of a broad-based government, including representatives of the N.L.F., precede any election.

The U.S. has also offered a military-only package: a fixed and early date for withdrawal of all U.S. ground forces in exchange for a cease-fire and the return of all prisoners. The political settlement would then be left either to further negotiations or to whatever the Vietnamese factions can work out among themselves. Hanoi has spurned that, presumably on the theory that Nixon is committed to getting all U.S. troops out anyway and that Hanoi can achieve its goals only through continued military pressure on the South.

The grim mood in Washington thus centered upon the military options open to the President. For a leader bent on pulling out his forces, Nixon was still talking pugnaciously. At a political outing on Treasury Secretary John Connally's Texas ranch (see page 15), Nixon warned: "The North Vietnamese are taking a very great risk if they continue their offensive in the South." There seemed little doubt that the offensive would continue and that the military choices up to Nixon are limited—and dangerous. Among them:

► Resuming massive bombing of North Viet Nam, including military installations and supplies near Hanoi and Haiphong. The permissible targets could conceivably be expanded to almost any kind of large building and anything that moves. Less likely targets would be railroad lines carrying supplies out of China.



DECK OF CARRIER "CONSTELLATION" OFF SOUTH VIET NAM
The need was negotiation, the prospect bloodshed.

the North Vietnamese for succeeding.

Even as the buildup proceeded apace, a relative lull descended on the fighting, and there was muted optimism that the Communists might not after all succeed in taking Hué. But that would probably only mean a strike elsewhere. The prospect remained for more bloodshed in a war in which more deaths seemed pointless—and it cried out for negotiation. Yet, as so often in this agonizing conflict, there would obviously be no bargaining until the latest phase of escalation was felt on the battlefield. A tantalizing hope of a diplomatic breakthrough that might have avoided the showdown had flamed briefly, then flickered out.

The brief moment of optimism arose when Moscow, through Presidential Aide Henry Kissinger, had encour-

ed. Said a State Department spokesman: "We are exceptionally frustrated." There was a feeling that Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev had misled Kissinger by exaggerating Hanoi's willingness to negotiate. "It was deception," snapped a senior U.S. official. Brezhnev's motive may have been to embarrass the U.S. before Nixon's visit to Moscow by making it look as though the new Communist offensive had pressured Nixon into suing for peace. Washington, on the other hand, had thought that the North's military gains had given Hanoi a new incentive to bargain.

Actually, any likelihood of Communist concessions was dimmed by the very success of the massive new attacks and the resulting panic among some South Vietnamese units (see THE WORLD). Hanoi doubtless was stalling

► Blockading the ports of Haiphong and other entry points for seaborne munitions and supplies. This could be done by massing U.S. ships as well as by mining the waters. It would risk direct conflict with Soviet and Chinese vessels.

► Supplying the landing ships for a diversionary hit-and-run strike into North Viet Nam by South Vietnamese troops. This would have to be at a coastal target like Dong Hoi, just north of the Demilitarized Zone. It could bolster ARVN morale and draw some NVA troops back North. But it would require some 10,000 troops and the South cannot readily spare that number. A sim-

ilar raid could be conducted by ARVN paratroopers, but they hold key defensive positions in the South.

► Encouraging the South Vietnamese to counterattack near Hue, hoping to encircle the NVA forces threatening that capital. But this would require a swift turnaround by South Vietnamese troops in the area and before that could happen, the Communists seem likely to strike—or melt away.

Nixon has ruled out most of the other military possibilities, including the re-entry into combat of U.S. troops and the use of nuclear weapons.

As Kissinger and Nixon weighed the situation on the presidential yacht *Se-*

quoia on the Potomac, and the Kissinger-chaired Washington Special Action Group met repeatedly to organize options, the President once again seemed cornered, angry—and unpredictable. His Vietnamization policy, his desire for a Moscow summit meeting, even his re-election, all seemed threatened by the Communist military drive. The U.S. emphasized its willingness to return to the negotiating table at any time. But the odds seemed to be that nothing much would happen there until the present phase of the North Vietnamese invasion had run its course—and both sides stood back from the ruins to reassess their positions in view of the outcome.

TIME ESSAY

Why Be Afraid of Americans?

As a new and potentially climactic crisis approaches in the fitful fever of Viet Nam, a beleaguered U.S. President seems a captive of his repeated assertions of the past and his personal passions of the moment. As he has done so often, Richard Nixon spoke again last week of how "the position of the United States as the strongest nation in the world" was at stake in Viet Nam. A defeat for the U.S. might be "repeated in the Middle East, in Asia and in Europe," he warned. He feared that the world might "lose respect" for the office of the President and he vowed: "I will not let that happen."

That is puzzlingly belligerent rhetoric for a leader who is actually withdrawing his nation's troops from a war it has not won. By all logic, if so much is at stake in Viet Nam, his disengagement could be considered grossly negligent. He ought to be pouring U.S. troops into the conflict, rather than pulling them out of it. This mysterious dichotomy between act and word cannot be explained as an attempt to deceive the enemy; the Communists watched the U.S. troopships leave, coolly ignored Nixon's warnings and attacked more massively than ever. The Nixonian rhetoric seems to reveal a misplaced fear that the American psyche cannot handle any tinge of "defeat" or abandonment of professed "principle" in Viet Nam. The President appears to be fighting the phantom of a mythical constituency on the American political right, a spectre perhaps shaped by his own past and never severely examined.

Yet samplings of U.S. opinion show that the public is overwhelmingly weary of the war. Even George Wallace concedes that he is. Americans want their troops back home, the prisoners released and the killing stopped. To be sure, they do not want to see U.S. forces humiliated in a panicky flight for the beaches or watch Communist troops seize immediate control of a Saigon gov-

ernment that the U.S. has supported at such a high price for so long. But they are certainly in the mood for reasonable compromise. Moreover, even most military men feel frustrated by the futility of the conflict, especially the prolonged demonstration of the limits of U.S. power in a restrictive situation. And they cannot help but be apprehensive when so much American naval and air power is concentrated in a far corner of the Pacific, leaving other areas weakened. The handful of remaining hawks who want to bomb Hanoi into dust pose no political threat to the President. And the Democrats who oppose his re-election could only applaud a lowering of U.S. sights in Viet Nam; it is what they advocate.

All of the tired talk of fading U.S. prestige, of nations falling like dominoes, of a massive Communist-inflicted bloodbath, form a self-made trap that only exacerbates the very public reaction that seems to so obsess the President. It could lead him, in turn, to drastic measures that would endanger that "generation of peace" which Nixon so often cites as his prime presidential goal.

It is time to break out of that trap, to take a more detached and longer perspective. If he did so, Nixon could perhaps develop and articulate a policy for Southeast Asia that fits logically with his constructive overtures to China and the Soviet Union and his grand design for peace. At present, even the most sophisticated young anti-Communist in Asia must be totally confused at the thought of mighty air and naval armadas massed against an apparently independent little Communist nation while the President negotiates cordially with the two major Communist powers.

The abandonment of apocalyptic rhetoric might even lead to the realization that the practical negotiating positions of Washington and Hanoi are not hopelessly different. While Communist oratory cannot be taken at face value, Hanoi does regard its public pro-

nouncements seriously. North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho professes that Hanoi does not demand "a Communist takeover" in South Viet Nam as part of a settlement, will not attack withdrawing U.S. troops and will return the P.O.W.s. But he does demand the removal of South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu. For its part, the U.S. can hardly abandon Thieu in the present circumstances. If Hue should fall, his position could become academic. If Thieu's troops hold, then he probably would remain a strong national leader. Thus military events in Viet Nam, rather than any action by Washington, will probably determine Thieu's fate. This is part of the test of Vietnamization, although it is also a probable script for continued deadlock and a prolonged war.

There is in short a vast difference between humiliation and the reality that Nixon's oratory only beclouds. His own deeds in the realm of constructive negotiating offers in fact belie the narrow negativism of his public words.

It will inevitably be difficult for Americans to accept the proposition that so many of their young men died or were maimed without achieving the full goals for which three U.S. Presidents sent them to Viet Nam. But there is a sensible, minimum American goal in Viet Nam that can yet be achieved: the restoration of peace without imposing any Communist government on South Viet Nam. That would not be defeat. Practically, the U.S. can hope for little more.

By shedding his preoccupation with false fears of the psychological damage that an unhappy end to the Viet Nam War might wreak on America, Richard Nixon would be free to exercise the immense power that every President has to influence public reaction in his special preserve of foreign relations. And by putting Viet Nam into its proper perspective on the grand scale of global affairs, the U.S. might well gain rather than lose credibility as a world power—and grow in moral stature as well.

POLITICS

A Tale of Two Georges

Halfway from the snows of New Hampshire to the sands of Miami Beach, the Democratic presidential action is now with the two Georges, McGovern and Wallace, who have done far better than any of the experts expected when the campaigning began (see THE PRESS). From either side, they are eroding the center occupied by Hubert Humphrey. Last week the story was not that Humphrey won the primaries in Ohio and Indiana—which he did—but that in each of these states one of the two Georges almost did him in.

Humphrey remains very much alive, however, unlike Edmund Muskie of Maine, the most spectacular casualty of the crowded campaign. The list of dead and wounded grew last week; after a disappointing 8% showing in Ohio, where he had expected to do well among more conservative Democrats, Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson announced that he too would retire from campaigning. Despite an unbecoming retreat on civil rights to make capital of the busing issue and a last-minute attack on McGovern's radical-left backers, Jackson never succeeded in getting his name, much less his message, across.

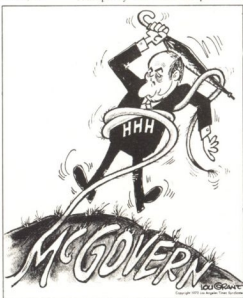
INDIANA. One high point of Wallace's characteristically helter-skelter campaign in Indiana was a \$25-a-plate lunch at the Indianapolis Hilton, which drew, among others, Grand Dragon William Chaney of the state Ku Klux Klan and Frank Thompson, head of a local John Birch Society chapter, who listed Wallace's credentials: "He's American, he's Christian, he's experienced." Humphrey did not start campaigning in Indiana until seven days before last week's primary, and at that he had to divide his time between Indiana and neighboring Ohio. Humphrey squeaked through, winning 47% of the vote to Wallace's 42%. Wallace was helped by a heavy Republican cross-over vote. Humphrey had a 38,000-vote margin in the popular vote, with most of his edge coming from Indianapolis and Gary, which have the state's heaviest concentrations of blacks.

OHIO. In an entirely different situation next door in Ohio, blacks also gave Humphrey the crucial push over George McGovern, who got 39.6% of the total to Humphrey's 41.2%. McGovern got half of the white votes, but Humphrey took four out of every five black votes. There were murmurings of some dirty work in Cleveland's black

precincts, one of which split 54 to 25 for Humphrey, while another next door went to Humphrey 115 to 0. That was only one confusion in a grotesquely botched election. Voting machines failed to operate, could not be unlocked, were not reprogrammed from last year's municipal elections, even never appeared at polling places. In the Cleveland area, 16 precincts never opened. One out-of-stater snarled: "I don't think Ohio is ready for self-government."

Nevertheless, the results proved that McGovern had very nearly beaten Humphrey in a state that should have been natural Humphrey terrain. Unlike Wisconsin, where McGovern's organizers began working months ago, Ohio was not even important to McGovern's plans until just three weeks before the primary. But he outspent Humphrey by more than two to one.

Humphrey has won his primaries



"I've heard of grass roots,
but this is ridiculous!"

narrowly, but as he noted succinctly last week, "Winning is winning." He has taken on George Wallace head to head and beaten him, and when he meets Wallace again in West Virginia this week, he is expected to win handily. Nebraska, which was once taken for granted as McGovern territory, is also up this week and Humphrey seemed to be leading at the end. Farther down the road, though, the McGovern people are looking for a fast finish in Oregon, California and New York.

At the moment both McGovern and Humphrey look likely to go all the way to the convention, with neither man in firm command of the nomination. Ohio suggests that neither campaign will collapse soon; the climax may well come in California's winner-take-all primary on June 6. Says Gary Hart, McGovern's campaign manager: "California is Armageddon."

The Republocrats

President Nixon seldom makes house calls. But last week he boarded Air Force One at his Key Biscayne retreat to fly 1,500 miles for a Texas hoedown at the ranch of his treasured Treasury Secretary, John Connally. For the President even to consider such an odyssey is firm reinforcement of Connally's towering stature in Washington. Indeed, it was Connally who carried the President's wreath of carnations and cornflowers to the Abraham Lincoln catafalque on which J. Edgar Hoover lay in state last week. That and the splashy Texas party left no doubt as to where nominal Democrat Connally stands in Nixon's affections.

Even if Nixon's visit had underlying political significance, its surface was just easygoing Texas sociability. Conservative Texas is a place where Nixon is comfortable, and he was relaxed and smiling as he and Pat arrived before a cheering crowd of thousands at Randolph Air Force Base. A helicopter whisked Nixon and the First Lady to the Connally ranch 35 miles south, where Nixon greeted a casually clad Connally with an immediate apology. "I'm sorry we scared your cattle," he said.

Top of Texas. Toward dusk the wind picked up and the skies around the ranch rattled with thunder—not from rain, but from the engines of executive jets that put down on the ranch's 4,100-ft. landing strip. On the spacious lawn in front of the Connallys' elegant two-story ranch house, workmen put the finishing touches on baskets of Texas wild flowers hung from the limbs of live oak trees. Bouquets of chrysanthemums floated in the 40-ft. swimming pool behind the house. Cooks hovered over charcoal broilers, tending to some 200 lbs. of home-grown beef tenderloin; others monitored the huge vats where corn-on-the-cob was steaming.

Arriving guests were introduced to Nixon by Connally in a formal reception in the ranch's high-ceilinged living room. The guest list was compiled from the very top of the Texas power pyramid: Dallas Billionaire H. Ross Perot, H.L. Hunt's son Nelson, John Murchison, former Dallas Mayor Erik Jonsen, Houston Millionaire Ima Hogg, construction Magnate George Brown and Fort Worth's Perry Bass, who helped hoist Connally to political power. Publicly, most of the guests were Democrats; in the eccentricities of Texas politics even the most hidebound conservatives pay lip service to traditional ties to the Democratic Party.

Still, there was no doubt that these were Nixon people; many had quietly financed Republican candidates in the past. One was dubbed the shindig "the Republocrat Convention." As Connally greeted Fort Worth Oilman W.A. Moncrief, he said to Nixon: "This man is a big giver, Mr. President, and he never asks for anything in return."

But the mood of the party was gen-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY STEVE NORTHUP

Left: Cluster of mums floats in the swimming pool as guests relax on the Connally lawn. Below: Nixon and Connally take a break from greeting well-wishers to survey the party. Bottom: The large and friendly crowd that turned out to welcome Nixon at Randolph Air Force Base, near San Antonio.





Top: The President, Mrs. Nixon and Host Connally go through the buffet line for their beef tenderloin. Above: An unexpectedly intimate moment with the mariachi guitarist who entertained at the party. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Connally, family and ranch employees gather before the guests arrive to prepare the strawberries for dessert.



THE NATION

erally light. When Nixon asked 82-year-old W.W. McAllister, former mayor of San Antonio, his secret of youth, the peppery McAllister replied: "If I knew that I'd keep it to myself and sell it." The Nixons and the Connallys moved out to an open meadow to watch the show every visitor to Texas must eventually see: a demonstration of quarter-horse agility. The President timidly patted one of the animals and admitted: "I've never been on a horse." Nellie Connally took the President's hand and said: "I haven't either."

After a buffet dinner, the President told the guests just the things they wanted to hear: up with the oil-depletion allowance, down with busing, and hard-line talk on Viet Nam. Then he and Connally went into their mutual-admiration-society routine. Connally said of Nixon: "I respect this particular President of the United States for the manner in which he conducts himself." Nixon responded: "John Connally . . . is, in my view, a man who has demonstrated he is capable of holding any job in the U.S. that he would like to pursue. I am just glad he is not seeking the Democratic nomination."

The last line was pure political politesse, but it was the "any job in the U.S." that stirred fresh speculation that Connally would be invited to bolt the Democratic Party and replace Spiro Agnew as Nixon's running mate.

Dumping Agnew? There are influential Republicans who have privately urged Nixon to dump the Vice President in Connally's favor. They argue that Connally can draw the same conservative support that Agnew can—with the guaranteed addition of Texas' electoral votes, which Hubert Humphrey took in 1968. As a personality and quick-study administrator, Connally has an edge on Agnew; the Vice President tends to be a hit only with those of his particular persuasion, while Connally jabs and feints his way through congressional hearings and news conferences with a down-home panache that charms even his opponents.

Nixon has quietly told the pro-Connally Republicans that he will keep his options open—which plainly means that he has plenty of time to test opinion and size up the Democratic presidential nominee before making his choice. However, Agnew's chances of remaining with the President have steadily improved over the past few months, and it is generally assumed in Washington these days that Agnew will be on the slate again. He serves to hold Nixon's right flank in place.

Still, these are precarious times for the President, and Agnew has been known to blunder into the doghouse before. Said one White House aide: "I'd have to put odds on Agnew being re-nominated. But of course, if the boss is down ten points to the Democrats in August, then all bets are off. Anybody's expendable then."



WALLACE ADDRESSES SUPPORTERS AT AIRPORT RALLY IN SAGINAW, MICH.

Hay for the Goats

George Corley Wallace's double-knit-clad workers do not talk about alienation. Their current word for the mood of the voters is "disenchantment." Another term at the Alabama Governor's Montgomery headquarters is "protracted politics"—not a bad description of Wallace's dogged, divisive presidential candidacy, now making its third appearance in eight years. Whatever it is, it is working: Hubert Humphrey edged him by a scant 5% margin in Indiana; George McGovern has carefully ducked him in Florida and Michigan, where busing is a hot issue; Scoop Jackson could never catch fire once Wallace got going. Wallace won last week's Tennessee primary two to one, and at week's end looked like a big winner over moderate ex-Governor Terry Sanford in North Carolina.

"It's either Wallace, Humphrey or McGovern—one of us three," Wallace proclaimed cheerfully after a screaming, stomping, Confederate-flag-waving rally last week at Houston's jammed Convention Center Music Hall. After the Indiana primary, Wallace proudly noted that Theodore White (*The Making of the President*) had observed on TV: "This means they'll have to deal with George Wallace at the convention." Says Wallace: "I think we surely have the balance of power, but I think I have an excellent chance of getting the nomination." Really? "Or a good chance." Sure? "I mean a chance."

He now has more than 200 delegates committed or leaning to him, and nobody is looking forward more gleefully to next week's primaries in Mich-

igan and Maryland. Michigan is the Northern state most affected by court-ordered busing, and its restless voters could well make it George Wallace's kind of country. Maryland is friendly Border state country where he polled a solid 42% in the 1964 primary. After Michigan and Maryland, the strategy will shift toward coddling delegates from nonprimary states. He is ready to edify conventions large or small with a half-hour film and pep-talk program, and delegates will also get a pictorial biography of the candidate showing him getting an honorary degree from Troy State University, smuggling Girl Scouts, shooting skeet, chatting with cops, and even posing as Santa Claus.

On the Beach. Wallace is determined to arrive at Miami Beach with enough delegates to elbow his way into the top Democratic councils. For one thing, he wants to insist on platform planks that could include reconfirmation of Supreme Court Justices every six years and local election of U.S. district court judges. "They're going to treat me with deference," he says, "not as an individual but because of the people I represent. They better think about that, because they can't win without those folks." He still has his cutting humor, too: "I want some hotel rooms on the beach. They've given people hotel rooms on the beach who don't have a delegate."

Charles Snider, Wallace's campaign manager, offers a scenario of a deadlocked convention that turns to Wallace in an access of patriotic fervor. But there are plenty of signs that Wallace does not take his presidential candidacy all that seriously. He failed to file in Cal-

THE NATION

ifornia and New York, the two states with the largest delegations. His organizations in the primary states compare poorly with Humphrey's and McGovern's; his campaign manager in Indiana works nights as a freight agent at the Indianapolis airport, so he had little energy for politics. Wallace has rarely tried all-out organizational drives in nonprimary states. He explains: "The kind of people who support me are out working in the mines and on the farms. They don't have the time for organization." Some suspect that Wallace may really be angling for the vice-presidential nomination, a subject about which he displays a kind of eager coyness. Says Snider: "The Democratic hierarchy knows no way to win without George Wallace on the tickets." Wallace is almost diffident. "I don't have much strategy," he says. "I'm just putting the hay down where the goats can get it."

TIME Correspondent Jess Cook spent some time aboard Wallace's chartered Jet Commander last week, exploring the Alabamian's stand on the issues. His report:

What would President George Wallace do in his first 100 days in the White House? "Well," he begins, "I'd hope the war would be over by then. If not, I'd try and wind it down. I'd go to Congress with a tax-relief bill. I'd institute a program to start screening welfare recipients. I'd start talking to our NATO allies about sharing more of the costs." The voice trails off, then brightens: "What did you think about Pennsylvania? I just made one speech." A sharp nudge. Getting down to cases with the Governor of Alabama is about as easy as getting the seeds out of cotton without a gin. On some subjects the answers come, such as they are, but for the most part—whether out of political shrewdness or intellectual boredom—Wallace is as diffuse as the clouds outside.

He would tax foundations and church commercial property, raise the personal exemption to \$1,200, reduce the oil depletion allowance. Would he redistribute the wealth? "I'm not for sharing the wealth, leveling everybody. I just want everybody to pay their share." He would take the \$40 billion that he claims is in the foreign aid pipeline and put it into rapid transit and superhighways. Farm price parities would go to 85%, even 90%. He is vague about his program for defense: "I'm not warlike at all. I just don't believe in gambling with American security."

If elected, says Wallace, he would put together a top staff of advisers—maybe even from Harvard. "I'm not against intellectuals, just pseudo intellectuals," he says. His campaign staff now includes three researchers and many bright aides, but he makes little use of experts. Says Wallace trumptuously: "Who's been advising Kennedy and all these Presidents? None of their advice has been any good."

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Long Reign of J. Edgar Hoover

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER's death at 77 refreshed memories of an extraordinary fund of Americana—a long, single-minded and complicated life that became a unique national presence. Hoover and the FBI were one—creator and creation. He served eight Presidents as the world's most powerful policeman. With a genius for administration and popular myth, he fashioned his career as an improbable bureaucratic morality play peopled by bad guys and G-men. The drama worked well enough when everyone agreed on the villains—"Pretty Boy" Floyd, John Dillinger, Nazi agents—but finally curdled somewhat in more ambiguous days.

Almost no one ever challenged Hoover's personal ethics, only the truculently moralistic and political code he followed and the methods he sometimes

study subversives during the "Palmer Raids," an anti-Bolshevist dragnet that made McCarthyism a generation later seem a model of tolerance. It was Hoover's first encounter with Communism, which all of his life he regarded as "the greatest menace free civilization has ever known."

Vintage Year. In 1924, Attorney General (later Supreme Court Justice) Harlan Fiske Stone offered to make Hoover director of the department's Bureau of Investigation, then a slovenly, corrupt outfit. Though only 29, Hoover insisted that he would take the job only if the bureau were divorced from politics and the civil service. He established an absolute authority at the beginning. He demanded that his agents have either a law or an accounting degree, resisted any and all political pres-



HOOVER AS YOUNG LAWMAN

used to enforce it. Even at the end, he was a difficult target, for the vast police organization that he built almost singlehanded, which today has 19,401 employees, including 8,586 special agents, has over the years been astonishingly uncontaminated by outside political influence. The number of FBI agents convicted of a crime: none. Hoover's bureau set the standard and wrote the rules for effective law enforcement throughout the world. No criticism could detract from his extraordinary achievement—the difficult establishment in a turbulent democracy of a national law-enforcement agency that was honest, expert and free from partisan taint.

Hoover once considered becoming a Presbyterian minister, but he obviously had a vocation elsewhere. The son of a Washington civil servant, he worked as a Library of Congress clerk while taking night courses at George Washington University. He earned a law degree in 1916 and a master's a year later.

His bureaucratic rise was rapid. He joined the Justice Department in 1917, and two years later was head of a new general intelligence division ordered to



DEMONSTRATING SUBMACHINE GUN (1935)

sures. Hoover turned the bureau into the world's most efficient crime-fighting apparatus, with an elaborate fingerprint library and crime laboratory. In 1930, the FBI became the clearinghouse for national crime statistics, reported by state and local authorities.

But it was not until 1932 that Hoover and the FBI took hold of the national imagination. Kidnaping had grown to something of an epidemic, most notoriously dramatized by the Lindbergh affair. Hoover's men broke that case, and with the help of the Lindbergh Act, which made kidnaping a federal crime punishable by death, eventually curbed that particular vogue. Two years later, gangsters mowed down an FBI agent and several policemen in the "Kansas City Massacre," and the FBI won the right to bear firearms and make arrests.

The vintage year was 1934, John Dillinger fell to the FBI on a Chicago

street (his death mask was to survive as a tourist attraction at headquarters in Washington). "Baby Face" Nelson dropped on an Illinois highway. Not long after, Russell Gibson of the Barker-Karpis gang was killed resisting arrest in a Chicago alley. Then "Ma" Barker and her son Fred were killed fighting agents in Florida. Tennessee Senator Kenneth D. McKellar was incautious enough in 1936 to sniff that Hoover himself had never made an arrest, so less than a month later Hoover personally presided over the collaring of Alvin ("Old Creepy") Karpis, whom the FBI called "Public Enemy No. 1." (Karpis got the last word by insisting later that Hoover cowered in the background and waited for agents to put on the cuffs before he appeared to pose for pictures.)

A kind of comic-strip hero worship began. At his arrest in 1933, "Machine Gun" Kelly supposedly pleaded: "Don't shoot, G-men; don't shoot!" The coinage was to appear on G-man pajamas, G-man toy submachine guns, and the lips of a generation of radio actors. *The FBI in Peace and War*, introduced by the somber, implacable kettledrums of Prokofiev, fostered the image of relentless baritones in service to the general good. Much later, Hoover reserved his Sunday nights for watching TV's *FBI*, starring Efrim Zimbalist Jr., a paragon of rectitude specifically approved by the director himself.

During the '30s, Hoover's agents were mainly preoccupied with kidnappers, robbers and murderers. During the

war, F.D.R. commissioned Hoover to search out Nazi spies and saboteurs. The FBI took 33 German agents on one weekend in 1941. But Hoover protested strongly when thousands of innocent Japanese-Americans were interned as part of the spy scare. After the war, the FBI focused increasingly on the pursuit of Communists, including Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. "There is little choice," he once said, "between Communism and Fascism. Both are totalitarian, antidemocratic and godless."

His prides and prejudices were strong, especially where the autonomy of his bureau was concerned. With Attorney General Robert Kennedy he fought a long battle of wills over FBI operations and their animosity was obvious. It was in a curt call from Hoover that R.F.K. learned of John Kennedy's assassination. Though Robert remained Attorney General for ten more months, they never spoke again after Nov. 22.

For several decades, Hoover was a figure of heroic probity—another generation's pistol-packing version of Ralph Nader. Unmarried to the end, he lived with his mother until her death in 1938. For recreation, he went to the

Hoover ultimately came to his police work with a vision of national destiny. If his FBI was incorruptible, it became at the same time an instrument of his zealotry. He exaggerated the domestic Communist menace while for years curiously neglecting organized crime. His men were swift to find the bodies of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner after they were killed in Philadelphia, Miss., and to solve the Klan killing of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo in Alabama; yet they seemed slow otherwise to enforce the cause of civil rights. When Martin Luther King Jr. suggested that Southern FBI offices were unsympathetic to blacks, Hoover called him "the most notorious liar in the country."

Embattled End. Perhaps the '60s, with their extravaganzas of assassinations and riots and accelerating crime, were more than his stern and orderly mind could accommodate. He had become a legend whose own sense of discipline and integrity prevented many of the abuses that his vast power made him capable of. Yet toward the end the myth had begun to deteriorate. There were charges that the FBI was tapping Congressmen's phones. Even if that claim was never proved, it did suggest the critics' general theme: J. Edgar Hoover's FBI was in his last days dangerously turning its resources to ideological purposes—harassing political radicals and even liberals, accumulating a frightening inventory of dossiers. And even within Hoover's granitically disciplined bureau, the cracks were showing. Morale had deteriorated. Last fall Hoover forced out one of his top deputies, William Sullivan, in a feud that jarred the bureau's highest ranks.

For J. Edgar Hoover, it was an unhappy, embattled end. After nearly half a century of his masterful, autocratic reign, the word senility was loudly whispered about. President Nixon's highest advisers counseled him to find a dignified moment to ease Hoover out, and although the President resisted, he undoubtedly would have done so as soon as the criticism had sufficiently faded. Instead, the moment was chosen for him. One night last week in his neo-Georgian house at the edge of Washington's Rock Creek Park, John Edgar Hoover died of hypertensive cardiovascular disease.

His body lay in state in the Capitol rotunda—the first civil servant ever to be so honored. The next day, in Washington's National Presbyterian Church, not far from the house where Hoover was born, Richard Nixon did him the additional honor of delivering the funeral eulogy. The two men had had a mutual admiration ever since the days when Nixon, a freshman Congressman from California, had begun his pursuit of Alger Hiss and "the Communist conspiracy." Hoover, said Nixon, "was one of the giants, a man who helped keep steel in America's backbone and the flame of freedom in America's soul."



TENNIS IN MIAMI BEACH (1938)

racetrack, usually with his lifelong friend Clyde Tolson, who became Associate Deputy Director of the bureau; Hoover always cautiously restricted himself to the \$2 window. In the '30s and '40s, he began to appear in New York nightclubs, such as the Stork Club, with cronies, notably Walter Winchell, but he would have only one drink, or two at most. Columnist Jack Anderson, whose agents assiduously went through Hoover's trash cans recently in an exercise of exceptionally personal journalism, confirmed that he liked to drink Jack Daniels.

IN WASHINGTON LAST YEAR



The FBI After the Hoover Era

FOR the present, President Nixon has chosen not to try to fill J. Edgar Hoover's shoes. In order to avoid turning the succession into a political issue during an election year, he named only an acting director. If Nixon wins reelection, he will settle on a permanent successor after November. If he loses, White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler suggested last week, he will leave the selection to the new President.

His interim choice is 55-year-old L. Patrick Gray III, a burly former Navy captain who has been a Nixon friend since they met at a Washington cocktail party in 1947. A graduate of George Washington University Law School, he served for a time as a legislative and legal assistant to the Secretary of Defense. Gray left the Navy in 1960 and worked in Nixon's presidential campaign against J.F.K., then joined the Administration in 1969 as an executive assistant in HEW. In 1970 he moved to the Justice Department as Assistant Attorney General. Gray, who bears something of a resemblance to Hoover, insisted that his relationship with Nixon—and his mandate as acting director—is strictly nonpolitical.

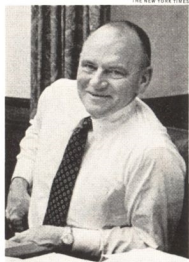
Awesome Power. Others were not so sure. For all the guise of a basically noncontroversial interim appointment, an Administration had succeeded for the first time in almost 50 years in gaining political control of the FBI. Had Nixon selected a strong, less politically active permanent director—such as Supreme Court Justice Byron White or the Army Chief of Staff, General William Westmoreland—the new man might have preserved a measure of Hooverian independence. But by settling on a temporary director who has such close personal ties to the President, Nixon opened the way, in theory at least, for remote-control direction of the FBI by the White House.

Because Hoover was unique—and because the problem of succession has never arisen before—his death posed the most fundamental questions about the nature of the FBI. What is its role in American society? Who should control it? How should its awesome power be checked and balanced?

In theory, the FBI has always functioned as the Justice Department's investigative agency. The director is charged with investigating all violations of federal laws except those assigned to other federal agencies, such as postal cases and narcotics crimes. The bureau has jurisdiction over some 180 investigative matters, including espionage, sabotage, treason, kidnapping, extortion, bank robbery and civil rights, and of course has powers of arrest for violations. As Hoover saw it, "The FBI is strictly a fact-finding agency, responsible in turn to the Attorney General, the President, the Congress and in the last analysis, the American people."

But Hoover exercised a broad and crucial discretion. It is ironic that contrary to the general impression, he often served as a restraining influence in internal-security cases. One of the Nixon Administration's chief complaints about him was that he was not sufficiently aggressive in the use of wiretaps, electronic eavesdropping and the other "dirty tricks" of the trade in cases involving campus disorders, racial unrest and leftists in the antiwar movement. Hoover's standard in such cases was protective of his institution: he hesitated to undertake any investigation that would not be supported by popular opinion.

So the first crucial question is how the bureau should be controlled: by a czar like Hoover running a virtually autonomous agency within the Justice Department? Or by a director under close



ACTING DIRECTOR L. PATRICK GRAY III
A question of control.

er supervision of the Attorney General? The question is complicated by the fact that the office of Attorney General has recently become an increasingly political appointment (e.g., Robert Kennedy, John Mitchell).

On balance, it seems wiser to have an FBI under direct Administration control. Certain safeguards could prevent political abuses. The Omnibus Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 already stipulates that new directors of the FBI must be confirmed by the Senate, thus providing one review. But Congress should inspect the bureau's budget and operations on a continuing basis, instead of unquestioningly rubber-stamping appropriations as it did in Hoover's time. Certainly the director's term should be fixed by law in order to prevent another man from establishing a life tenure.

Other checks have been proposed. A citizens' review board—lawyers,

judges and other experts appointed by the President—might be established as a kind of public watchdog over intelligence investigations. Or as is done with the CIA, a special congressional committee could oversee the FBI.

The Democratic Policy Council, a group organized to formulate party policies, has some recommendations. Says Courtney Evans, a council member who is a former assistant director of the FBI: "Some way must be found to maintain the integrity of the FBI, at the same time providing policy guidance and direction in security and intelligence investigations, particularly in areas where there is likely to be a legitimate difference between freedom for individual citizens and security for the Government itself."

Dragnet. Some experts have suggested that the Justice Department's Internal Security Division—a unit separate from the FBI—draw guidelines for the investigation of subversives, rather than leaving the matter open to FBI interpretation. Why was Senator Edmund Muskie's name mentioned in an FBI report on a 1970 Earth Day rally, for example? Agents were assigned to the rally to keep an eye on Rennie Davis, who was then awaiting trial in the Chicago conspiracy case, but including Muskie's name in the report created at least an impression of indiscriminate dragnet surveillance. Strict guidelines might also provide that any extraneous information be deleted from agents' reports before they achieve a dangerous permanence in the bureau's files.

Some have suggested that the FBI be split into two separate domestic investigative agencies—one for subversion and one for crime. Such a formula would at least reduce the present concentration of power in the FBI director. A more extreme proposal is to parcel out the FBI's myriad investigative functions to other federal bureaus, leaving the bureau itself with only a small corps of agents working for the Attorney General. Both ideas seem slightly perverse. The efficiency and performance of the bureau were seldom questioned during the Hoover era, only the policies of the director himself, or simply the fact that one man—whatever his policies and politics—was wielding too much power. To dismantle the FBI's investigative machinery because of the director's policies might be equivalent to junking an excellent automobile because its driver was considered, in his last years, erratic.

Whether Nixon or any President will be moved to revamp the system that J. Edgar Hoover built remains to be seen. An FBI without Hoover seems an anomaly, so entwined were the man and his machine. For this reason, it might be advisable for the President to appoint a special commission of lawyers, police experts and judges to examine the FBI's functions and its future.

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LABOR

The Yablonski Contract

"Murder is as institutionalized with the United Mine Workers as it is in the Mafia. The order to kill—to kill our whole family if necessary—was as routinely transmitted and carried out as an order to call a strike or settle a grievance." Thus Kenneth and Chip Yablonski gave vent to their anguish last week when they learned more of the gruesome details of why their father had been killed. Pleading guilty to murder, a minor U.M.W. official named Silous Huddleston confessed that the union had arranged the assassination of Rebel Miner Joseph Yablonski, along with his wife and daughter; only the sons escaped. It was a story that had all the elements of an Appalachian blood feud: robbery, violence, revenge and no remorse.

As Huddleston, 63, unraveled his story, he appeared to be an unlikely killer. A white-haired, gentle-looking Tennessean who is suffering from emphysema and has been given only a year to live, he claimed that he had taken part in the brutal scheme only out of loyalty to his union. Word had gone round that the U.M.W. was threatened by Yablonski's campaign to unseat President W.A. ("Tony") Boyle in 1969. Yablonski had promised to take union voting rights away from all the U.M.W. pensioners, who were the major source of Boyle's power. Said Huddleston: "I believed that Yablonski was controlled by outsiders who wanted to destroy the union."

Soggy Cigar. The plot, said Huddleston, was hatched in Washington, site of the union headquarters, where a special \$20,000 "research and information fund" was set up to pay for the murder. Albert Pass, a Kentucky official who is a member of the U.M.W.'s international executive board, was in charge of the operation. He contacted Huddleston, who recruited his son-in-law Paul Gilly, 38, a gaunt, saw-toothed house painter who was only too eager to do the job. Gilly, in turn, hired two other lean and lethal Appalachians who had been in and out of scrapes with the law for most of their lives.

Strictly amateur assassins, "the boys," as Huddleston called them, wondered whether to blow up Yablonski's house with dynamite or put arsenic in his food or cigars. They even experimented with injecting rat poison into a cigar with a hypodermic needle, "the kind you use to vaccinate hogs." But, as Huddleston reported, the cigar "got all wet and soggy." Albert Pass nixed those schemes. Said Huddleston: "Albert said not to use dynamite because it would probably kill the family and only give Yablonski a headache. He said not to use arsenic because Yablonski would only get sick and the family would die. He said that the only way to kill Yablonski was to shoot him."

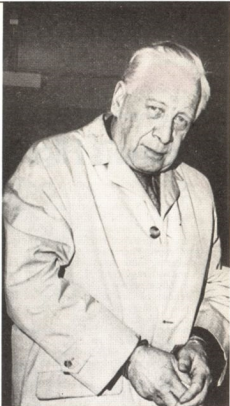


U.M.W. PRESIDENT TONY BOYLE

At first, the order was to murder Yablonski before the election, but then, said Huddleston, the union brass had second thoughts: it would surely look as if someone was trying to keep Yablonski from getting elected. The job would have to wait until the election was over. It was just as well. Even with their marching orders, the boys bungled just about everything they had to do. They went to Washington to stalk their man, but they could not even find the union's national headquarters, where they were supposed to shoot him. They drove to Yablonski's home in Clarksville, Pa. When they went to the door, however, they found more people at home than they expected. Instead of firing, they asked Yablonski if he could find them jobs. They visited the house once again; this time finding nobody home, they made themselves a sandwich. "I told them that was dumb," said Huddleston. "But they said they put everything back." Following Yablonski another time, they found him with a Congressman and a Senator—and considered killing all three.

Pass was getting impatient, Huddleston recalled. While the boys marked time, they robbed a few houses to keep in shape. Finally, they accomplished their mission, entering the Clarksville house at night and shooting the family as they slept—but so sloppily that they left fingerprints around. Within days, police had identified them. On top of that, said Huddleston, the boys did not even get all the money they had been promised. As was the custom, various officials had taken their cut as the money was passed down the line from headquarters. As Prosecutor Richard Sprague observed, "you had a kind of discount price for murder."

Huddleston's confession exploded the U.M.W.'s claim that it had nothing to do with the killing. Although Boyle's name was not mentioned by Huddleston, Sprague said there was "certain information" that the "research" fund had been set up in a conference between the president and Pass. For Sprague, it was a gratifying development in a case that he is determined to pursue to the upper reaches



SILOUS HUDDLESTON IN COURT
All the elements of a blood feud.

of the U.M.W. hierarchy. A dogged, methodical assistant district attorney in Philadelphia who has sought a first-degree conviction in 66 murder cases and won it in 65 of them, Sprague devised a "game plan" to smoke out all the conspirators.

He nabbed and isolated the little men first. When he won a first-degree murder conviction against one of the gunmen, he used it as a weapon to frighten others into talking. Faced with the possibility of the electric chair, three of the conspirators confessed, implicating officials higher up the union ladder. It was Huddleston's own daughter, Annette Gilly, a stooped and sad-faced housewife, who fingered him in the killing. In exchange she received a deal for a life sentence instead of death for her role as an accomplice. Huddleston was prompted to confess for the same self-serving reason. "I am a firm advocate of the death penalty," says Sprague. "If you did away with the chair, you would lose your bargaining position. Maybe these people would not be willing to talk."

The martyred Yablonski was vindicated last week when a U.S. District Court set aside the 1969 election won against him by Boyle. Citing the mass of irregularities that had occurred during the voting, the court instructed the U.S. Justice Department to order another election. Despite all the convictions, it will still be an uphill battle for the dissident miners to unseat Boyle's entrenched minions. But the fight will be led by men with a mission: Yablonski's two sons.

SOUTH VIET NAM/COVER STORY

Hanoi's High-Risk Drive for Victory

SINGLY and in small groups at first, then in gun-waving mobs, the retreating South Vietnamese troops streamed out of shell-torn Quang Tri city. For four days their procession down sun-baked Highway 1 continued to swell. There were soldiers on foot wearing only mud-caked underwear and with rags wrapped around their feet in place of boots. Some rode on the fenders of cars commandeered at rifle point; others clung to army trucks that careered through South Viet Nam's northern countryside with lights ablaze at midday and horns blaring. The line stretched to the horizon, and so did its litter: helmets, full ammunition pouches, combat boots, web belts and packs. At the refugee-jammed city of Hue, 24 miles south of Quang Tri, the headlong retreat turned into a rampage. Soldiers who had not eaten in two days looted stores in broad daylight. By night, gangs of deserters started fires and fought drunken skirmishes in the streets.

Urgent Questions. Last week the army of South Viet Nam suffered its worst debacle of the five-week-old Communist offensive, and North Viet Nam's Defense Minister and chief military tactician, General Vo Nguyen Giap, gained his easiest victory of the long war. The 8,000-man ARVN 3rd Division, assigned to the defense of the northernmost provincial capital, Quang Tri, was known to be poorly trained and questionably led. But no one had expected the 3rd to give up as quickly as it did. Pounded by five days of shelling by Giap's troops and abandoned by their officers, the soldiers simply broke and ran, leaving behind their tanks, armored cars and artillery. Quang Tri city, deserted by practically all of its 15,000 inhabitants as well as by its defenders, fell to the Communists within minutes after the last U.S. advisers had been helicoptered out. Immediately, the Communists set up a "revolutionary administration" in the city. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu angrily relieved both the commander of Military Region I, General Hoang Xuan Lam, and the 3rd Division's commander, General Vu Van Giai. No replacement was named for Giai; there was no 3rd Division left.

The fall of Quang Tri cast a pall of gloom over Saigon and Washington, and raised urgent questions about Vietnamization, the hopeful policy through which the U.S. had built up the army of South Viet Nam, at immense cost in lives and treasure, to fight the Communists on its own. Could ARVN survive,

much less defeat the North Vietnamese offensive? Could President Thieu—and even the U.S. presence and influence in South Viet Nam—outlast another similar defeat?

To be sure, the 3rd had been the worst of South Viet Nam's 13 divisions, put together last June from stragglers and captured deserters, and there was no sign yet of the widespread unit defections that would signal the beginning of an overall collapse of ARVN. Still, the South Vietnamese badly needed to win the next battle if they were to stave off a national psychology of defeat that

could replace the abandoned South Vietnamese equipment, as it was doing last week. And President Nixon could punish Hanoi for the invasion by increased bombing, or even a blockade of Haiphong or a Dieppe-style raid* by South Vietnamese forces on the northern coast. For all that, a hard fact remained: with the Paris negotiations suspended again, the next turns in the war could only be decided on the battlefield in a contest between Vietnamese.

What could be the climactic battle of the war seemed likely to come soon, perhaps even this week. Both sides had

BIRCH DEPRA NEWS



NORTH VIET NAM'S DEFENSE MINISTER VO NGUYEN GIAP IN HANOI

"Strike only if success is certain."

could intensify pressures to settle with the Communists at any price.

This time, the South Vietnamese had to win the battle on their own. The U.S. has only 65,000 ground troops remaining in South Viet Nam, and they are now assigned solely to defensive roles. As the biggest Communist blitz of the war continued last week, American advisers—and the U.S. commander, General Creighton Abrams—no longer had the decisive say in how or where the South Vietnamese fought; the decisions were being made by President Thieu and the South Vietnamese general staff. The U.S. could supply airpower (with more than 1,000 planes in the region) and dominate the Gulf of Tonkin with an armada that will soon number six carriers, five cruisers and 40 destroyers and 41,000 men. Washington

focused their forces on the city of Hue, sitting on the Perfume River five miles from the South China Sea. With its sizable population and its symbolic importance as the seat of the 19th century Vietnamese empire, Hue is coveted by the Communists as the putative site for an insurgent government with national pretensions. For President Thieu, the loss of the city would have grim consequences both in Paris and at home. Coming on top of ARVN's other recent reverses, a major setback at Hue could precipitate a rapid collapse of army and civilian morale, and might even lead to the fall of his regime.

Thieu himself underscored the im-

*In 1942 an Anglo-Canadian force of 15,000 staged a daring reconnaissance raid on the German-held French port of Dieppe. The raiders suffered 50% casualties in a matter of hours.

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said Thien. "But a V.C. rocket destroyed my house, so I had no choice. They shot at us so we don't go, but we ran for two days until we hit the mines." For the first time in the current Communist offensive, sizable numbers of Americans, too, are in the path of the assault. A drive on Huế would brush perilously close to the U.S. airfield and communications center at Phu Bai, six miles south of the city. The base is guarded by two of the six U.S. combat battalions remaining in South Viet Nam.

When would the attack on Huế come? After the fall of Quang Tri, an ominous slack-off in Communist activity occurred last week on all three major battlefields, while the foe regrouped and marshaled his forces. In the Saigon area, Communist pressure eased on the long-besieged city of An Loc, 60 miles north of the capital. In the Central Highlands, the Communists made no move to fol-

—because his calm exterior masks a fiery temperament—once again dominates the war in the South, something no South Vietnamese leader has ever been able to do. Maintaining the military initiative, Giap has called each turn of how and when a battle will be fought. The question that remains, and may be decided at Huế, is whether, as one U.S. general puts it, he is "merely Lawrence of Arabia, great in a special situation and with a peculiar set of national circumstances, or a Robert E. Lee, master of all military situations."

Many Enemies. So far, Giap has proved himself a master of Vietnamese situations, and has contributed a large chapter to any textbook on the black art of war. Going far beyond the Chinese concept of a "people's war" by guerrillas, he has developed the orchestrated use of guerrillas and conventional forces, and demonstrated—as at Tet in 1968—the importance of psychology to the outcome on the battlefield. In a 1969 article in the North Vietnamese army journal, *Quan Doi Nhan Dan*, he spelled out the strategy that he is pursuing in this offensive. "Being held in an unfavorable strategic position, the enemy can use only a small part of his troops. Though numerous, he is outnumbered; though strong, he is weak." To Giap, "the main goal of fighting must be the destruction of enemy manpower." He takes a cold view of war. "Every minute hundreds of thousands of people die all over the world," he has said. "Life or death, even of one's own compatriots, represents really very little."

In a way, Giap has been preparing for the battle of Huế ever since his youth. Born into impecunious gentry in An Xa, a small town just north of what is now the Demilitarized Zone, Giap grew up at a time when the fairly stable 30-year relationship between the French and Vietnamese was coming to an end. At 15, he was taking part in a "quit-school movement" in Hanoi. Before he was 30, he was helping Ho Chi Minh organize his revolution from a base in China. Though he once taught school in Hanoi, Giap was no bookstack scholar. Two years ago, Giap's foster father, a South Vietnamese Red Cross official in Danang, discussed Giap with British Orientalist P.J. Honey. "He was brilliant, extremely interested in warfare along the lines of Napoleonic strategy, but quarrelsome," said the old man. "He'll get near to the top but never to the very top because he makes so many enemies."

Giap's quarrelsomeness has shown up in the long course of the war. His rivals in Hanoi have tended to be optimistic believers in the kind of "general uprisings" that the Communists attempted to foment in the early 1960s and in 1968. Giap's doctrine involves a prolonged three-stage war, proceeding gradually from defensive organization to guerrilla war to something like large-scale conventional war.

Today Giap is at Stage 3, playing a

role that he knows well. When he made his reputation in 1954, the Communists were negotiating in Geneva under the combined pressure of the U.S., Britain, Russia and China. Giap's task was to inflict a crippling defeat on the French while the talks were still in progress. The result was the 56-day siege that killed or wounded half of the 13,000-man French garrison at Dien Bien Phu.

The current offensive shows many of Giap's characteristics: methodical preparation, a heavy reliance on firepower, a willingness to take high casualties, combined with extraordinary caution—one trait that South Viet Nam generals share in spades.

Few armies, and certainly not South Viet Nam's, have ever matched the tenacity and determination of the troops that Giap has been able to field. It is clear that Ho Chi Minh's claim that the Communists would fight to achieve their goals for ten, 15, 20 years, or even longer if necessary, was no idle boast. Since 1964, when Hanoi began its direct military intervention in the war, the North Vietnamese have suffered roughly 400,000 casualties—about as many men as they have in their present army. Captured North Vietnamese troops tell familiar fatalistic stories of being drafted from towns to which no soldiers who have gone South have ever returned.

The Mandate. But still they come, and they fight fiercely. What is the difference between Hanoi's troops and Saigon's? The North Vietnamese have their problems with draft dodgers and deserters. The army journal *Quan Doi Nhan Dan* recently chided young conscripts who "dress outlandishly, behave in an uncivilized manner, and violate state laws, discipline and public sanitary regulations." But compared with, say, the 3rd Division troops that cracked at Quang Tri last week, the North Vietnamese have been model soldiers. Vietnamese peasants who have seen them recently have described them as fairly disciplined young men outfitted with olive uniforms, straw-covered soft hats and canteens; they appear to be highly motivated. North Vietnamese officers tend to be professionals who earn their promotions on merit. The ARVN leadership, by contrast, tends to be a class of its own, informed by old mandarin traditions and French colonial military training. Ranking officers, including province chiefs and field commanders, are very often political appointees with scant combat experience.

Beyond that, the difference between Giap's army and Thieu's is the difference between a government that has ruled with totalitarian power for 18 years and one that has had a history of revolving-door regimes and heavy de-



THIEU (RIGHT) WITH GIAP
A needed shake-up.

low up their rout of the ARVN 22nd Division with a direct assault on Kontum, which has been surrounded by Communist troops and is highly vulnerable to capture. Would the Communists strike Kontum first? Or were they getting their artillery and supplies in place in preparation for a move on Huế?

For the moment, the answers were all held by General Giap, North Viet Nam's legendary lord of the battlefield. More than likely, he was methodically measuring the odds in terms of his oft-repeated principle: "Strike to win, strike only if success is certain; if it is not, then don't strike."

For Giap, now 60, the capture of Huế would be almost as great a victory as the fall of Dien Bien Phu 18 years ago last week. The man the French called the "snow-covered volcano"

South Vietnamese soldiers flee Quang Tri on bicycles, while (below) civilian refugees and a dog wait near Huế for a boat to carry them south to safety.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIRCK HALSTEAD—TIME AND ENWID JACOBUTCI





THE WORLD

pendence on foreign treasures. The simple fact, as Rand Corp. Analyst Brian Jenkins notes, is that the North Vietnamese are "more cohesive and more accustomed than the South Vietnamese to rigid government control and the austerity needed for a protracted war."

The eleven-man North Vietnamese Politburo, of which General Giap is a prominent member, has always been at war. They are driven not only by the Communist doctrine of inevitable victory but also by the "mandate of Heaven," a kind of religious imperative to rule that, according to Viet Minh legend, was passed on to Ho Chi Minh in 1945 by the last Vietnamese emperor, Bao Dai. The Hanoi leadership has more pragmatic reasons to fight on, of course. North Viet Nam's population continues to burgeon at a rate of 31% a year, exacerbating an already acute land shortage. Then there is the fact that for eight years now more than one-fourth of the North Vietnamese army has been posted out of the country under conditions of hardship and frequent terror unknown to those who have stayed behind. As Rand's Jenkins observes: "North Viet Nam's leaders may not be thrilled at the prospect of bringing this army home in defeat."

After five weeks of fighting, the North Vietnamese last week continued to hold the initiative and to expand their influence on three fronts:

THE NORTH: With four North Vietnamese divisions in place and a fifth poised just above the Demilitarized Zone, this is the strongest point of the Communist offensive. The North's troops now have the run of South Viet Nam's two northernmost provinces—Quang Tri and Thua Thien—outside of the shrinking government-held pocket around Hue. **THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS:** Three North Vietnamese divisions own half of Binh Dinh province on the seacoast and most of the mountains to the west. If they overrun Kontum city, which is set on an open plateau and vulnerable to an attack, they will have sliced the country in half at its weakest point.

THE SAIGON AREA: Though the Communist pressure has eased somewhat, especially around the besieged city of An Loc, three North Vietnamese divisions have seized control of swatches of territory north and west of the capital, which gives them an enormous potential for more havoc. By one reckoning, enough rockets have been stashed around the city to permit a barrage of 1,000 rounds a day for two solid months.

So far, Giap's offensive has done remarkably little to foment popular unrest.

continued on page 30

U.S. advisers (top left) leave Quang Tri while refugees crowd a hospital in Hue. Meanwhile (below) South Vietnamese marines who fought bravely at Dong Ha show a different face of the war.

The Man Behind the General in Hanoi

GENERAL GIAP may be running the current North Vietnamese offensive in South Viet Nam, but he is by no means his own master in Hanoi. The most powerful figure in the North Vietnamese hierarchy is Le Duan, the shrewd, remote first secretary of Hanoi's ruling Lao Dong (Workers) Party and ranking member of its Politburo. A nervous and intense man who grew up in what is now South Viet Nam, Le Duan is generally regarded as the chief architect of Hanoi's relentless crusade to take over the South. His pre-eminence is underscored by the fact that in recent weeks Hanoi newspapers have taken to calling him "Uncle" Le, an honorary title rarely used since the death of Ho Chi Minh in 1969.

Born in 1908 to a peasant family in Quang Tri province, Le Duan (pronounced Lay Zwan) grew up to become a railway clerk and a political agitator. In 1931 he was jailed by the French for 20 years for subversive activities, but was released in 1936 and resumed his work in the Indochinese Communist Party. When the party was outlawed in 1940, Le Duan was arrested again and sentenced to ten years. But when the Communist Viet Minh seized power temporarily in 1945, Le Duan was released. Subsequently he became the organizer and leader of guerrilla forces in what is now South Viet Nam. "In a real sense," says one U.S. expert, "he is the father of the present war."

In 1954, at the time of the Geneva conference that ended with the partition of Viet Nam, Le Duan argued with Ho that the Communists should continue the fight for total victory. According to P.J. Honey, a British specialist on Viet Nam, Le Duan even predicted to Ho that the U.S. would help South Viet Nam and that another war would eventually have to be fought. After the Geneva agreement, 90,000 Viet Minh guerrillas were moved to the North, but Le Duan ordered the other Communists of South Viet Nam to go underground and hide their arms. He told Ho that when war broke out again, there would be an armed Communist force intact in the South as well as the 90,000 available guerrillas in the North. Says Honey: "What Le Duan did was lay the foundations for the Viet Cong at the time of the Geneva agreement."

In some ways, Le Duan's career has been advanced as much by luck as by leadership. In his early years of political activism, he managed, like the young Nikita Khrushchev, to be absent during periods of party turmoil. Between 1954 and 1956, he began to organize political subversion against the regime of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem. Le Duan was thus preoccupied with other matters at the time

of the North Vietnamese land-reform debacle of 1956, which ended with the summoning of troops to put down a peasant revolt in Nghe An province. The crisis led to the fall of the party's secretary-general, Truong Chinh. President Ho Chi Minh then assumed the title of secretary-general himself, but he assigned Le Duan to run the party for him. Le Duan was officially confirmed as first secretary in 1960.

Though North Viet Nam is one of the few Communist states that are run by a genuinely collective leadership, Le Duan is clearly the *primus inter pares*. The party's eleven-member Politburo, whose average age is 63, has worked together since World War II in notable



NORTH VIET NAM'S LE DUAN

harmony. But it has traditionally been divided over how to achieve unification: one group has pressed for military victory, while another has favored protracted guerrilla action. Le Duan, like Giap, has always been identified with the first faction. In July 1971, he characteristically admonished the North Vietnamese army to "shatter the U.S. imperialist plan of Vietnamizing the war" and to "fight for the greatest victory."

Khrushchev once said that Le Duan "talks, thinks and acts like a Chinese." In truth, Le Duan has leaned slightly toward the Soviets while adroitly threading his way between Moscow and Peking. The dispute between the Communist titans has helped North Viet Nam to solve the problem of how to wage war against the sophisticated weaponry of the U.S.-backed South with no armaments industry of its own. Because of Le Duan's clever exploitation of the Sino-Soviet schism, notes U.S. Vietnamologist Douglas Pike, "there are virtually no strings attached to the aid given to the North Vietnamese today."

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rest. The North Vietnamese have been welcomed in some areas, notably Viet Cong-infested Binh Dinh province east of Kontum. Generally, though, the "revolutionary administrations" that they have set up in towns and villages have been fearfully ruthless; the Communists have executed police and local officials, confiscated property and turned schoolchildren into armed "liberators." The indigenous Viet Cong, who have been vastly overshadowed by the Northerners during the present campaign, could be quietly preparing for the "spontaneous uprising" that the Communists—if captured documents are to be taken at face value—have scheduled for May 30, but so far they have been strangely inactive. As for civilian opponents of the war, not even the Buddhists, the students or the perennially restless veterans' groups have taken to the streets.

So far, enormous casualties have

unimportant stretches of territory. U.S. air and naval power, it was promised, would deal with the North Vietnamese—perhaps harshly enough to prevent another onslaught for years. ARVN would try to avoid bloody set battles. The idea is to give the North Vietnamese the same problem faced by U.S. troops back in an earlier era of the war, when American generals were forever complaining that "the enemy won't stand up and fight."

Within the U.S. Administration, where the private evaluations of Vietnamization have never quite matched the public expressions of confidence in it, there were new worries about ARVN's staying power. No one really expects Saigon to be able even to attempt to reverse the battlefield situation very soon. The immediate hope is that with U.S. air and naval power, the South Vietnamese will be able to maintain a stale-

two fronts. Schemes like that hinge on two commodities that are both in short supply: ARVN manpower and spirited leadership.

The North Vietnamese have decisions of their own to make, regardless of how Nixon reacts. By now, it is universally recognized that the Communists are able to keep fighting at a brisk pace for many months. But will they? CIA forecasters, who have been remarkably accurate on Viet Nam in the past, reckon that Hanoi will make a fundamental decision some time this month. The choice is between a "high-risk, quick-payoff" campaign and a "low-risk, slow-payoff" strategy. Under a low-risk plan, the Communists would keep up pressure (perhaps by rocketing cities) while husbanding their manpower for a second big push in the fall. If the North Vietnamese believe they are making progress, however, they would pursue a high-risk strategy, with frontal assaults on cities and troops, in the hope of destroying ARVN's will to fight by midsummer. The goals: to crumble ARVN and to topple the Thieu regime, perhaps in favor of a new nationalist figure who would be willing to settle the war along the lines of the seven-point plan that Hanoi has pushed in Paris.

The Model. There are indications that Hanoi will opt for the high-risk road. The Communists' tough stand in Paris could only mean, as one State Department hand puts it, that "they were smelling blood in South Viet Nam." John Vann, the veteran U.S. pacification adviser, agrees. Says Vann: "The willingness to sacrifice exhibited by the enemy exceeds anything in the past." Concedes a U.S. general in Saigon: "I'm sure they're convinced that they're going to win."

Short of the total collapse of the Saigon regime, the eventual goal of the Communists is to win control of South Viet Nam at the bargaining table in Paris. That scheme is under the direction of the Hanoi Politburo and its steely first secretary, Le Duan (see box, page 29). One of Le Duan's contributions to the war is the "fighting-negotiating" strategy now unfolding in Paris and in South Viet Nam. In a 20-page letter captured in South Viet Nam in 1967, Le Duan explained to the Viet Cong command that Hanoi had studied all major international negotiations conducted over the past 100 years and had decided that the Communists could find no better model than the long Korean negotiations. As at Panmunjom, the Communist negotiators' task would be to drag out the talks, while the military's job would be to take what it could get on the battlefield. The goal, Le Duan concluded, was to build such a strong position on the battlefield that the other side would have nothing to negotiate with at the bargaining table. It is up to Giap to make that strategy work on the battlefield. Whether he can do so will depend, in all likelihood, on the outcome of the battle of Hue.



ARVN 3rd DIVISION TROOPS FLEEING QUANG TRI ON HIGHWAY 1
A strong psychological need to win the next battle.

doubtless been inflicted on the twelve North Vietnamese divisions committed to the fighting (two others are waiting in the wings above the DMZ and across the Cambodian border in the Mekong Delta region; two more are far away in Laos). But South Viet Nam's 13 divisions have also suffered. As of last week, one infantry division and an armored brigade were "no longer effective," and many other units had been mauled.

With Giap's strategy of "annihilation" obviously having its effect, the U.S. last week pressed a new strategy on Saigon. The day after Quang Tri fell, Abrams and U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker visited Thieu. They reportedly brought a message of support from Nixon—and some advice. Thieu had been ordering just about everything to be held "at all costs." But with ARVN forces already spread thin on three fronts, that is too costly.

Henceforth, the first ARVN priority will be to ARVN, not to small towns or

mate at least through the seven-day Moscow summit, still scheduled to begin on May 22. Meanwhile, pacification programs and other nonmilitary matters are being quietly set aside. "What good is it?" asks a top pacification official in Saigon. "If you lose the battle, the game is over anyway. All our concern now is with the war."

The arrival in Saigon early last week of a Pentagon team headed by Assistant Defense Secretary Barry Shillito increased speculation that President Nixon was casting about for a dramatic way to help regain the initiative and buck up South Vietnamese morale. That could be anything from bombing Hanoi and Haiphong again to an ARVN offensive (see THE NATION). U.S. military men pondered the possibility of an ARVN end-around play to strike at the Communist columns in Quang Tri province—a move perhaps combined with a raid on Dong Hoi in the North, thus presenting the Communists with trouble on

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Consumer
Price Index
Up 37%

1971
Phone Rates
Up 8%
(C.P.I.)

1961

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The Mood of Hanoi: Lonely and Alert

From Hanoi, a city generally closed to American journalists, Correspondent Joël Henri of Agence France-Presse last week cabled the following report for TIME:

ON several occasions in the last few days, the B-52s could be heard "at work" south of the capital. The earth trembled for a few seconds [in Hanoi], houses shuddered. Then silence; even the crickets ceased to chirp. But then MIGs, returning from their mission, swept over the rooftops wing to wing, with jet engines screaming, and disappeared toward their airfields and underground shelters. At first, Hanoians stopped to look up at the sky, listened and wondered, "Are they ours or the Americans?" Now they just carry on. Ears have become attuned to MIGs, Phantoms and B-52s, even when the B-52s are far off, invisible at over 50,000 feet. "They cheer you up, those MIGs," the Vietnamese say.

Hanoians are not awed by the giant eight-engine B-52s with their 30 tons of bombs. People who spent several years in the vicinity of Vinh Linh, near the 17th parallel, where B-52s were operating practically every day, explain to us: "Of course, if you're just underneath, you haven't much of a chance. But when you get used to them, you know how not to be underneath. Just look at Quang Tri. With their thousands of tons of bombs, they didn't stop our troops." And they add matter-of-factly: "Do you have a flashlight?" You reply, "No, why?" And they explain: "It's important at night when you have to get away." That suggests that you can get hurt more readily by falling than by being hit by a B-52 bomb.

Future Plans. Pham Van Dong, the Premier, who has stayed on in Hanoi, told a journalist: "Of course they can blow all of this up [meaning his offices]. And then what? That's not what's going to change the course of history." Then he talks about the future: plans for travel abroad to establish ties for co-operation with all those who showed understanding for [North] Viet Nam during these terrible, decisive hours. In ministry files, partly evacuated to caves on high plateaus, are plans for the Viet Nam of tomorrow, "reunited by the Vietnamese alone," as Pham Van Dong puts it. Joke or political gesture, some people here claim: "The Premier is quite ready to organize a 'political tea party' with a President Nixon who has finally understood the wisdom of the seven points of the P.R.G. [Provisional Revolutionary Government]." Peking, Moscow, why not Hanoi?

The [North] Vietnamese are no kamikazes. They have carefully weighed the risks, and they are taking precautions to avoid human and material losses to the maximum if Nixon should decide to punish Hanoi. Metal helmets

have reappeared, hanging from bicycle handlebars in every variety, from French 1914-18 and Dien Bien Phu vintage to Japanese, Soviet and American. The day after the April 16 bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong, unexploded bombs were being defused. The next job was to clear away the debris. Human chains of girls and boys carrying small baskets, swaying at the ends of long poles, piled up the bricks that could still be used, and reinforced shelters with rubble. Metal from burned-out trucks and railroad cars was deposited on dumps. In Hanoi, where material damage was slight, youths fixed up a kind of "pop" shelter using the burned body of a car; they half buried it and covered it over with earth. Temporary houses were erected in a day. Ten bamboo poles, some thatch, and life can go on.

Nearly half the population of the city of 500,000 people has been evacuated.



SOVIET-SUPPLIED SA-2 ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE INSTALLATION IN NORTH VIET NAM
"They have weighed the risks and they are taking precautions."

uated in recent years and Hanoi today is ready to face another war of destruction from the air. Ten exhausting days have just been spent completing the latest evacuation program. First of all, people had to be convinced. In every street there was always one family which absolutely refused to budge. To cope with this situation, party members, usually women, went from door to door to explain the situation. Salary advances were granted so people could be equipped with mosquito nets, nylon fabrics and oil stoves. Departures took place generally at dawn, since American planes prowl later in the day. Families assembled under trees with their bundles. Old aunts invariably insisted upon bringing along bric-a-brac—absolutely essential for this kind of adventure. They brought the most extraordinary packages, held together with ingenious stringwork and fastened to the roof of a bus or to the back of a bike. Then off they went. Newspapers published advice: "Warning: in the country don't

drink just any water. And here's what to do in case of fever."

The capital seems a little empty, especially without children; the little kings of the street, full of pranks and gaiety, curious and friendly. Poetically named streets around the central market—Silk Street, Money Changers Street, Weights Street—are deserted. The old trolley car, with its long pole, ambles on undisturbed, no longer obliged to sound its bell to clear the way of pedestrians. The tiny "pho" shops selling Chinese soup (which is not Chinese at all but Tonkinese) are closed. The Hanoi Chinese have all abandoned the city, the restaurant owners gone who knows where, perhaps to their cousins in China.

It is lonely in Hanoi. Cinemas are closed. There is a permanent alert. Anti-aircraft defenses have been reinforced, but daily life goes on as usual. Sufficient personnel have been left in the city to maintain such basic services as electricity, drugstores, hospitals. Brew-

ers send around small vans that stop under trees at street corners and everyone has his glass of beer. Factory restaurants keep serving meals. Shelters have been dug near by for those who have stayed on. The cost of living is relatively stable, and chicken still sells for about 50¢ a pound.

There is a friendly colony of pro-Vietnamese foreigners in Hanoi, among them a Swedish diplomat, Algerian, French, Italian and Cuban journalists, the reserved and solitary Chinese, some English and Canadians, and some Muscovites who never comment on any situation until they have read *Pravda*.

Last month there were important visitors like Konstantin Katushev, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., and Nikolai Firubin of the Soviet Foreign Ministry. They were courteously received and left convinced that the Vietnamese were determined to settle their affair with Mr. Nixon by themselves, a reliable source told me.



NEGOTIATOR GERARD SMITH & WIFE IN FINLAND

ARMS CONTROL

Agreement on Enough

The White House last week announced a "major advance" in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, which have been going on since 1969. The advance—a compromise worked out in a secret exchange of letters between President Nixon and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev—represents an important milestone in U.S.-Soviet relations and reflects a long-term change in Washington's policy. Where once the U.S. sought to maintain overall nuclear superiority, Washington has now settled for what Nixon has called "sufficiency"—that is, enough arms to deter any Russian attack by promising a devastating retaliatory strike.

Though many difficult details must still be worked out by SALT negotiators, now meeting in Helsinki, the overall shape of the nuclear accommodation between the superpowers was beginning to emerge. The U.S. and the Soviet Union agreed to a series of ceilings and freezes in which Washington has consented to Soviet parity—and in several cases numerical superiority—in every major category of defensive and offensive strategic nuclear weaponry (see chart). In return, the Soviets made two important concessions. They agreed to place limits on the number of missile subs. But more important, they agreed to exclude from the present freeze U.S. tactical nuclear weapons in Europe and aboard the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Hence the U.S. was able to avoid unnerving its European NATO allies, who would look askance at any uni-

lateral dealing with the Soviets over American weaponry that is committed to the defense of Western Europe.

The compromise virtually ensures that Nixon and Brezhnev will be able to have a historic signing ceremony if and when the President visits Moscow later this month. They will probably have two documents to sign. One is a full-fledged treaty, already agreed upon, limiting the number of defensive ABMs, or anti-ballistic missiles, that each side may install. The second, barring any last-minute snag, will be an executive agreement setting informal ceilings on offensive strategic missiles until the SALT negotiators can come up with a formal pact. The major points of the two documents:

ABMS. The U.S. and the Soviet Union will each be permitted to maintain only two ABM complexes of 100 missiles each. The Soviets, who have chosen to defend populated areas, will probably add new missiles to the 64 ABMs that now ring Moscow. They may also convert the Tallin Line of anti-aircraft missiles near Leningrad to ABMs. The U.S., which by contrast has chosen to use the allotted ABMs to protect its land-based missile force, originally had announced its intention to build 14 Safeguard ABM complexes. Now it will complete only the two sites at Grand Forks, N. Dak., and Malmstrom, Mont.

ICBMs. Pending a formal treaty, both superpowers will freeze the number of ICBMs at the present level, which leaves the U.S. at a 2-to-3 disadvantage (1,054 v. 1,550). Both sides will be free to replace older missiles with newer ones. More important, no ceiling has been placed on nuclear megatonnage, a category in which the Soviets already have far outdistanced the U.S. and which helps them overcome their disadvantage of having less accurate missiles. In fact, some Pentagon experts expect the Russians to install new monster ICBMs in the big empty silos that have recently been detected by U.S. surveillance satellites. The U.S. has more warheads on its missiles—5,700 to the Soviets' 2,500, though Moscow will be allowed to draw even on that score. At present, the U.S. has a considerable technological lead. Its MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle) warheads can be steered to widely separated

targets. By comparison, the Russian MRVs (multiple re-entry vehicles) simply fall in a prearranged cluster.

MISSILE SUBS. Under the ceiling, the Soviets, who have lagged far behind the U.S. in the development of undersea nuclear missiles, will be permitted to complete the 17 submarines now abuilding; within the next couple of years Moscow's missile-packing submarine force will outnumber by one the 41-ship U.S. undersea missile fleet.

Even though the compromise on offensive weapons allows for technological improvement—the U.S., for instance, may eventually replace its missile submarines with the undersea long-range missile system (ULMS), at \$165 million per sub without armament—it nevertheless promises to bring the nuclear numbers race to a halt. It also, it is hoped, will serve as a guideline for a full-fledged treaty that will regulate offensive missiles in the same manner in which the ABMs have been brought under control. When, and if, that happens, the strategic arms pact will rank historically with the nuclear test-ban treaty (1963) and the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (1968).

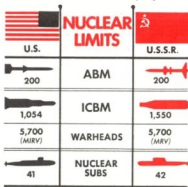
WEST GERMANY

Toward the Showdown

Who were those two men quaffing a friendly beer together in the Bundestag cafeteria? They were, as it happened, none other than West Germany's two foremost political rivals. Only the week before, Opposition Leader Rainer Barzel had tried and failed by a bare margin of two votes to overthrow Chancellor Willy Brandt. But over beer and in countless hurried conferences, the two men were seeking to find a mutual way out of a severe parliamentary crisis that threatened to have grave repercussions far beyond the borders of the Federal Republic.

The crisis centered on the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, which Brandt negotiated in 1970 as part of his famed *Ostpolitik*. The treaties have become keystones to further progress in East-West *détente*; other major diplomatic initiatives, including the Big Four agreement that seeks to eliminate Berlin as a source of cold war tensions, will go into effect only after the ratification of those two pacts.

Soviet Word. Brandt had originally intended to submit the treaties to the Bundestag for ratification last week. But in the wake of the narrowly won no-confidence test and a subsequent tie vote in the Bundestag on a budget appropriation, he feared that the coalition of his Social Democratic Party and the Free Democrats would no longer command the necessary majority to pass the treaties. Rather than risk a defeat, Brandt postponed balloting for one week so that he and Christian Democrat Leader Barzel could have an



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

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Combine that with Mustang's independent front suspension, floor-mounted stick shift, bucket seats, and panoramic instrument panel—and you're in for a beautiful driving experience. Inside and out.

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Put a little Sprint in your life!

1972 Ford Mustang SportsRoof shown with Sprint Decor Option.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



1972 Ford Mustang Hardtop shown with Sprint Decor Option.

When some airlines say they really do

The major shortcoming of too many airlines today (and it's not just the charter airlines) is that they have a very narrow view of what "airline service" is.

Judging from their ads, airline service is something that starts when you get on board the plane, stops the minute you get off and consists of a hot meal, a movie, a smile, a colorful throw pillow and a few magazines.

All of which makes for a pleasant plane ride. Which would be fine if that were the reason you were flying. But it isn't.

The reason you're flying is to get somewhere. And if that somewhere happens to be over 3,000 miles of ocean to a place you've never been you need more than a meal and a movie.

You need help before you buy your ticket.

One thing our experience has taught us is that you'll get more out of your vacation abroad (from the point of view of both time and money) if you know, in advance, pretty much what you're going to do.

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You need help once you're on vacation.

In planning your vacation, plan on the fact that you may want to change some of the plans you've made once you're there. It often happens.

You find a terrific little place you want to stay at a few extra days. Or you want to leave somewhere sooner than you anticipated.

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As a Pan Am ticket holder you can drop in at any office near you (we have more than 200 throughout the world) and we'll have our friendly Panamac computer come up with new hotel and plane reservations for you.

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You see, we also know that little things crop up that you could use some help with.

For example, you need cash in an emergency. Or you're not getting your mail from home.

Well, we'll cash your personal check in an emergency. And act as "post office" so that picking up your mail is easier.



goodbye at an airport mean goodbye.

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Pan Am

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"10W" means Shell Super X flows freely even when your car's engine is *ice cold*. Result: light work for the battery (for snappier starts); quick oil circulation (to protect engine parts and help control wear); low engine drag (this can save on gas).

"Exceeds all automotive manufacturer requirements" means Shell Super X provides excellent lubrication for all domestic and foreign passenger cars—no matter how you drive, where you drive, when you drive. Recommended for use where SAE 10W, 20W, 20, 30, 40 or 50 grade oil or any multi-graded combination is recommended.



Shell Super X protects the engine all year-round. Try to find another oil that gives you this full range of protection.

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Super X
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THE WORLD

opportunity to work out a solution.

The Christian Democrats are in a quandary. They are publicly opposed to the treaties, but do not want the responsibility of rejecting them. They know that they would then be regarded both in East and West as unreliable partners in the search for *détente*. In their meetings, Barzel and Brandt sought a compromise in a joint declaration that would overcome the reservations of the Christian Democratic Union. Among other things, the declaration would state that the treaties—which recognize the Communist seizure of former German lands after World War II—do not preclude the eventual reunification of Germany and the right to self-determination of all Germans, including those in East Germany. In a gesture aimed at helping the passage of the treaties, Moscow's ambassador in Bonn, Valentin Falin, passed the word that the Soviets would "take note" of such a declaration—provided the language was not too harsh.

Heated Quibbling. Unfortunately, neither Brandt nor Barzel could get all their party members to go along with the declaration. There was still heated quibbling over the declaration's wording. There was also great pressure on both men from their own parties to resist compromise. But Brandt, who is eager to have the treaties passed before President Nixon goes to Moscow later this month, decided that he could wait no longer. He scheduled the showdown vote for this week.

The outcome may well be decided by the struggles within the C.D.U. leadership. If Barzel and other members of the party executive feel sufficiently reassured by the final draft of the declaration and are satisfied by the Soviet response to the West German statement, they may allow Christian Democrat deputies to vote according to the dictates of their consciences. In that event, there would be more than enough C.D.U. cross-overs or abstentions to ratify the treaties with a slim but nonetheless decisive majority. But if the Christian Democrat leaders order their members to vote no, the treaties are virtually certain to go down to defeat.

MIDDLE EAST

Mission to Bucharest

Never before had an Israeli Premier been able to worship with fellow Jews in a Communist country. Last week, during an official visit to Rumania, Premier Golda Meir took time out to attend a synagogue service with 1,500 of Bucharest's 50,000 Jews. "We have problems in Israel," she told them in Yiddish, "but it is better to have problems in your own land than to be without a land of your own." After the 2½-hr. service, Mrs. Meir broke away momentarily from her Rumanian bodyguard outside the synagogue to ex-



RUMANIAN PREMIER ION GHEORGHE MAURER WELCOMING GOLDA MEIR TO BUCHAREST
Less than met the eye, perhaps, but only fools make prophecies.

change Sabbath greetings with some of the thousands of Jews who had gathered behind police lines to catch a glimpse of her.

It was also the first time that an Israeli Premier had ventured into the East bloc for official meetings with Communist leaders. Mrs. Meir, who celebrated her 74th birthday last week, had begun the trip in an exuberant mood, fending off newsmen's questions about the prospects for her visit with a Jewish proverb: "The power of prophecy is given to children and fools." Under leaden Bucharest skies, she reviewed a goose-stepping honor guard. Rumanian girls in peasant costume presented her with flowers and then lustily kissed her startled coterie of three male aides.

The Rumanians, however, were obviously intent on keeping the visit on a low key. Mrs. Meir was greeted by Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer instead of President Nicolae Ceausescu, and quickly driven off in a Mercedes limousine for an afternoon of preliminary discussions. At a state banquet given by Maurer, she openly pressed her hosts to arrange face-to-face talks between Israel and Egypt—a request that was pointedly ignored by the Rumanian press next day. At a return banquet that she gave for the Rumanians, Mrs. Meir served up fresh strawberries and avocados flown in for the occasion. They were tasty examples of Israel's flourishing fruit and vegetable exports and a subtle bid to increase her country's trade with Rumania, which now runs at a yearly rate of nearly \$40 million, mostly in Rumanian meat, lumber and chemicals exchanged for Israeli potash, citrus fruits and textiles.

When they invited her to Bucharest, Rumanian diplomats had explained that President Ceausescu had had a promising conversation with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat during a recent

visit to Cairo—and wanted to share his thoughts with Mrs. Meir. But after Ceausescu and Mrs. Meir talked twice for a total of nine hours, aides strove to convey the impression that there was less to the meetings than met the eye. The conversation was said to be largely exploratory, as Mrs. Meir pressed for direct talks with Egypt and Ceausescu avoided any role as mediator. Still, there was always the chance that they might just be keeping more substantial discussions secret.

SOUTH AFRICA

High-Rise Apartheid

South Africa's expanding economy has given nearly every white household the means to afford black domestic servants. In Johannesburg, the nation's largest city, the demand for black maids, nannies, cooks, chauffeurs and gardeners has increased so sharply that blacks now outnumber whites by nearly two to one. But South Africa's white apartheid government does not want the domestic workers to live in the city. Reason: too many blacks on the street at night. Thus it has decided to force the servants to move into a complex of high-rise "hostels" on the outskirts of Johannesburg. The plan has set off a hot racial debate.

The barracks-style quarters, says Gerhardus van der Merwe, who is in charge of the project, are designed "to ensure that inmates will live and relax together under pleasant conditions"—and inmates is precisely the word. According to the government's plan, the twelve-building complex will provide accommodations (strictly segregated according to sex) for some 60,000 blacks, most of whom are married.

So far, two five-story structures have been completed. They have no el-



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The perfect martini gin, of course.

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THE WORLD

evators, no electrical outlets ("these people would just abuse them," said an official) and no heating ("to keep costs down"). The bathtubs—five for every 100 people—are not even full size. The government made sure, however, that the buildings included police offices and cells for potential troublemakers, as well as electronically controlled doors that can be used to seal off any part of the building "in case of unrest." The black workers, who earn between \$20 and \$50 a month, will have to pay \$8 a month for the privilege of sharing a room with three other people.

Orwellian Horror. By last week, when the first two hostels were scheduled to open, the proposed living conditions had raised a storm of protest. Progressive Party M.P. Helen Suzman called the hostels an "Orwellian horror." White women, churchmen and students staged placard protests. Some of the shock felt by chic matrons over the city's "white by night" policy, as it is called, was undoubtedly at the prospect of having no servants to wait on candlelit dinner parties—but by no means all of it was. At a jam-packed citizens' meeting, Anglican Bishop John Carter condemned the hostels as the work of "morally sick" people. Said one white housewife: "My maid, who is 66 years old, just wept and said to me: 'Madam, we are people, not cattle.'"

The government did its best to defend the scheme. "It compares favorably with white migrant laborers' accommodations overseas," said Van der Merwe. Nonetheless, mindful perhaps that a similar attempt at a "white by night" policy aroused such concern in the nearby town of Randburg that the ruling National Party suffered seriously in local elections, the Johannesburg city council decided to postpone the hostel opening for another two months. "We are putting in an open-air cinema, and the women's block will get a basketball court," explained an official. "We are also considering putting in heating."

SOVIET UNION

Avtomobilizatsia

In Moscow last week, the 150,000 or so citizens who are privileged to own private cars were engaged in an annual spring ritual. First, they stripped the tarpaulins from their autos, most of which had been left under wraps all winter because of the ferocious frosts. Then the cars were carefully polished (a dirty auto can bring a \$1 fine), and inspected by police. Only after that could Moscow's motorists stream out of the city for the budding birch woods and the May Day weekend, the first three-day holiday of the spring season.

They encountered few traffic jams, but that idyllic situation may not last long. For the first time in history, the Soviet government is making a massive, long-term investment in order to meet consumer demand. A main part of that drive is aimed at satisfying Russia's growing auto mania, or *avtomobilizatsia*, which is now rampant from Tallin to Tomsk. Russians are stampeding to buy the \$5,600 Italian-designed Zhiguli cars, adapted from the Fiat 124, that are rolling off the new assembly line at Togliatti at the rate of 1,000 per day.

Social Impact. The auto age is already beginning to affect Soviet manners and morals in ways that the regime may not have entirely foreseen. TIME Correspondent John Shaw cables from Moscow: "The new mobility provided by the auto is bound to make Russians more individualistic as it frees them from the disciplines of communal life. In this vast country, where many Soviet citizens live in apartments not much bigger than the cars they hope to buy, the most important thing the auto offers is transport to solitude."

Russia's modest advance into the automotive age is also having an incalculable economic impact. The investment to meet consumer demand requires reallocation of steel, rubber and

SOVIET CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF AUTO MANIA



Finish line at race organized by repair factories.

gasoline from the Soviet defense establishment. A gigantic highway construction program is needed, and so is a network of gas stations and repair shops, both of which are woefully scarce.

Some of the problems of *avtomobilizatsia* are all too familiar to Americans. In spite of the most stringent laws against drunken driving, half the traffic accidents in the Soviet Union, exactly as in the U.S., are caused by overimbibers. Other problems are peculiarly Russian. Most roads remain primitive in the extreme, and besides the perils of potholes, motorists must cope with farmers who thresh their wheat and build their log cabins right on the highways so that they can reach them more easily.

Symbolic Value. In spite of such aggravations, there is no more potent symbol of prestige than the auto in the Soviet Union today. The Communist state has paradoxically chosen not to produce "people's cars," but to build medium-sized vehicles that range in price from \$4,000 to \$11,000. Workers who make an average wage of \$180 a month can scarcely afford them. Even bureaucrats and professionals often have to save up for years to buy them, then have to wait as long as a year and a half for delivery.

Russian auto owners must defend themselves from a new breed of criminal—car thieves. Before leaving a parked car, the Soviet owner customarily removes the windshield wipers, gas tank cap and aerial, and locks them inside, out of the reach of pilferers. Some of the cleverest car thieves have now been thwarted for the summer. During the winter a thief will often steal a car off the street and substitute it for a similar model that has been put up for the season under a tarpaulin. The police are left to hunt for a car that is hidden away—at least until spring, when the owner discovers that the shape under the tarp is not his own. By then, his car may have found a home 2,000 miles away in Samarkand.

TASS-SOVIET



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April 28, 1972

PEOPLE



THE REUNITED GOONS WITH PETER SELLERS' FOUR FRIENDS
The prince turned green and his hair fell out.

Back in the 1950s, before the telly really took over, all England seemed addicted to a BBC radio program called *The Goon Show*, which was the making of Actor **Peter Sellers**, among others. When the Goons got together again to do a special program for the BBC's 50th birthday, Sellers brought four "friends": Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon and Princess Anne. Another royal Goon fan, serving with the navy in the Mediterranean, sent his regrets: "Last night my hair fell out, my knees dropped off, and I turned green with envy at the thought of my father and sister being there. Charles."

After its two-week tour of the U.S., the Chinese table tennis team had plenty to tell the home folks about the ways of the mysterious West. In Ann Arbor, Mich., for instance, the visitors scurried for shelter as a welcoming group of radicals bellowed in Chinese, "Down with American imperialism!" And at a ballet performance in Manhattan, they listened sympathetically as actor **Dustin Hoffman** observed: "It must be very difficult for you to come from China, where the spirit is so high, to here where the spirit is so low."

Melvin Belli, 64, the dapper and orotund lawyer who has had a lifelong love affair with the public eye, was visiting Washington's Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts when a hostess singled him out. "You're a very famous law-

yer, aren't you?" asked pretty Lia Triff, 23, a student at the University of Maryland. Belli beamed. "Your name begins with a B," said Miss Triff. Belli swelled with such pleasure that, as Lia put it later, "I couldn't resist. I said: 'I've got it—you're F. Lee Bailey!' We had lunch the next day, and the rest is history." They will be married the for the fifth time, she for the first on June 3.

First he demanded \$115,000. Then \$92,500. Then \$70,000. Then, Pitcher **Vida Blue** announced that he was retiring from baseball at the age of 22 to sell bathroom and kitchen fixtures. Nobody believed him, least of all Oakland A's Owner **Charles O. Finley**, who paid Blue a cut-rate \$14,750 last year. Finally, after four months of haggling, Blue signed for \$50,000 plus \$8,000 for his college education and a \$5,000 bonus for winning 24 games last season. "I'll be lucky if I win ten games this season," said Vida. How did he keep in shape during his layoff? "I chased a girl around the lake the other day."

Hollywood's dark-haired onetime sex symbol, doe-eyed **Hedy Lamarr**, claims that the book billed as her "autobiography," *Ecstasy and Me, My Life as a Woman*, is "an obscene, shocking, scandalous, naughty, wanton, fleshy, sensual, lecherous, lustful and scarlet" treatment of her life. So for the second time she slapped a libel suit on its publisher and two co-authors, whom she ac-



HEDY LAMARR AS A SEX SYMBOL
"Naughty, wanton, fleshy."

cuses of distorting interviews with her—this time for \$21 million. Still no cigar. The New York Court of Appeals has dismissed the case—not because the book isn't obscene, shocking, scandalous, etc., but because her lawyers failed to prove that the actions leading to publication had occurred in New York.

Seattle Attorney Edward Rauscher was vacationing at Vancouver's Bayshore Inn where the elevator doesn't stop at the 19th and 20th floors because **Howard Hughes** lives there. One day, though, somebody in the elevator with Rauscher playfully pushed 20. By some electronic glitch the number lit up on the indicator. "When I saw that 20 light up," says Rauscher, "I knew I had from one to 20 seconds to think about what I was going to do." He decided to ask Hughes for a donation to his favorite charity, PONCHO (Patrons of Northwest Civic, Cultural and Charitable Organizations), which raises money by auctioning donated items. Rauscher never saw the Invisible Man, but he did see a guard, who sent him to a man on the 19th floor, who sent him to a third man on the 20th floor, who gave him an address in Los Angeles, and five weeks later PONCHO received four round-trip tickets on Hughes Airwest between Seattle and Las Vegas (\$664), plus \$300 worth of rooms and entertainment at Hughes' hotel, the Sands. Moral: Even if you don't think you'll get there, push the button anyway.

Crowned heads have saved themselves more than once by deploying their secret weapon, the Royal Glare. A case in point was what Australia's former Prime Minister **John Gorton** describes as "one of the greatest fun evenings I can remember." On a yacht off Queensland on the royal yacht *Britannia*, "people decided that everyone else ought to be thrown in the water," says Gorton. Prince Philip was thrown in, and then Princess Anne. I was sitting beside the Queen. I was about to throw her in, but I looked at her and there was something in the way she looked back . . ."

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THE PRESS

The Hairline Fracture

Now that "Front Runner" Edmund Muskie has fallen to the rear, much of the campaign's pre-primary political reportage reads in retrospect as if it were about some other election. Through midwinter, most print journalists and TV commentators declined to take Hubert Humphrey seriously, gave George McGovern relatively spare coverage and underestimated George Wallace's strength. The press consensus until New Hampshire strongly implied that Muskie already had it made.

There were caveats, of course—there always are—but the reportorial thrust was plain. Joseph Kraft in November found Muskie "still in com-

ami Beach." Other publications and pundits said roughly the same thing.

What clouded the crystal ball? With the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, it seems that political reporters looked too hard at the candidates and their strategies and not hard enough at the changing mood of the electorate. "The press," concedes Editor John Seigenthaler of the Nashville *Tennessean*, "missed the depths of voter disenchantment." To his credit, the *Post's* Broder identified a general malaise among voters that might hurt Muskie, and with a colleague sniffed out the Senator's problems in New Hampshire just before the voting there. But these findings had little impact until primary results began to accumulate. Columnists Rowland Evans

and both his Democratic competitors and Richard Nixon. Local polls in primary states proved more revealing, but only when conducted on the eve of a primary vote. California Pollster Mervin Field likens the misreading of Muskie strength to "a surgeon taking a close look at a bone and missing a hairline fracture. That fracture was in the body politic this time, and at first everyone missed it—even with X rays."

To Humorist Art Buchwald last week, Muskie's breakdown seemed more like an automobile recall. Citing "engineering difficulties and lack of consumer acceptance" for withdrawal of "the Muskie" from the market, Buchwald noted the faint hope for final victory as a compromise candidate: "While the 'Muskie' will not be sold in Ohio, Michigan, New York or California this year, it will be on display in the showroom at the Miami Convention Center in case anyone still wants to buy it."

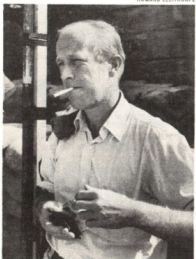
Liberal Voice

One publication that never bought Muskie is the *New Democrat* (circ. 4,000), a lively monthly devoted to the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Editor Stephen Schlesinger, 29, admits to no clairvoyance in foreseeing Edmund Muskie's fall and the rise of George McGovern—only partisanship.* Schlesinger, the son of Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., founded the magazine in 1970 as a podium from which to preach party reform and "call attention to the dead leadership."

From its inception, it has criticized Muskie and Democratic National Committee Chairman Lawrence O'Brien as standpatters. When McGovern announced his candidacy early last year, the *New Democrat* hailed the news as "a flash of hope in a darkening landscape." Schlesinger advised his readers to "eschew the Muskie bandwagon until, regrettably, that is the only one remaining," but held off formally endorsing McGovern in print until last month, lest the publication be dismissed out of hand as a McGovern mouthpiece. Now that Muskie's candidacy has collapsed, the monthly has turned its fire on Hubert Humphrey for his past associations with Viet Nam. The young editor predicts McGovern will go to the convention with 1,200 delegate votes, not far from the 1,509 needed to nominate.

Schlesinger struggles on a month-to-month basis to keep the *New Democrat* going. He relies heavily on unpaid contributors and fund-raising cocktail parties. Though the elder Schlesinger does not bankroll it, his name hardly hurts in the magazine's constant quest for operating capital. Now that McGovern rides high, the *New Democrat* may have an easier time making ends meet.

*Last week, however, clairvoyance of a kind embarrassed the magazine. A satiric, fictional obit, prepared last month, reported that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was dead, but was being kept on in office by the Administration. The issue appeared on newsstands the very day Hoover died.



COLUMNIST EVANS

Even X rays missed the extent of voter disenchantment.



WASHINGTON POST'S BRODER

manding position." In December, New York *Times* Political Correspondent R.W. Apple Jr. wrote that "all the information at hand suggests Muskie will be hard to stop," and was "in a good position to clinch his party's nomination early." The Washington *Post's* David Broder labeled Muskie "the most popular Democrat who will actually be in the primaries," and added: "That situation, as John Kennedy showed, can be converted into victory."

A CBS News nationwide sampling of political reporters and local politicians indicated as late as mid-January that Muskie would go to Miami Beach with 1,199 first-ballot delegate votes—only 310 short of victory. *Newsweek* noted with pride in January that it had pinpointed Muskie in a cover story more than a year earlier as "the man to beat." A *TIME* election survey in the Feb. 7 issue had Muskie leading in every region except the South and concluded: "He looks increasingly like the man who will grab the brass ring at Mi-

ami Beach." Other publications and pundits said roughly the same thing. What clouded the crystal ball? With the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, it seems that political reporters looked too hard at the candidates and their strategies and not hard enough at the changing mood of the electorate. "The press," concedes Editor John Seigenthaler of the Nashville *Tennessean*, "missed the depths of voter disenchantment." To his credit, the *Post's* Broder identified a general malaise among voters that might hurt Muskie, and with a colleague sniffed out the Senator's problems in New Hampshire just before the voting there. But these findings had little impact until primary results began to accumulate. Columnists Rowland Evans

and Robert Novak wrote repeatedly of Muskie's "remarkable popularity," though they also criticized the wisdom of his tactics. Said Evans last week: "No one took Humphrey seriously. God knows I didn't, and McGovern's was a joke candidacy. Novak and I both thought that despite the mistakes he made, Muskie was still a 90% probable winner."

TIME Correspondent John Austin, who has been covering Muskie and the other candidates since early last year, now believes that he and many other reporters were deceived by the string of Muskie endorsements from prominent Democrats. There was not enough questioning as to what this support would mean in terms of votes. "I absolutely did not foresee McGovern's strength," says Editorial Page Editor Reg Murphy of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "and I don't understand it now."

Many political writers were swayed by polls that showed Muskie with wide national popularity in trial heats against

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Thorns in the Laurels

Though they are the most sought-after badges in daily print journalism, the Pulitzer Prizes, like awards in other fields, are frequently challenged. It is sometimes murmured that they are bestowed too often with an eye to geographic balance, or as a reward for long-time competence rather than contemporary brilliance. The top awards for 1971, announced last week, are again controversial, but for different reasons.

More than ever, it was the year of the investigator, the unmasker of official secrets and official wrongdoing. The New York Times won its 38th prize, this time in the "public service" category, for publishing the Pentagon papers. Neil Sheehan, the reporter to whom Daniel Ellsberg gave the documents and who wrote the principal analytical articles, received no individual recognition. Apparently the jurors felt that the Times's courage in printing the material in the face of Government legal pressure was the crucial element. Yet Columnist Jack Anderson (TIME cover, April 3) won the national reporting prize for obtaining other secret material—memoranda concerning secret Administration discussions about the U.S. attitude toward the India-Pakistan War, which favored Pakistan.

Increased Respect. The local reporting awards also went for sensational disclosures. Two reporters for the Rochester, N.Y., *Times-Union* were honored for their coverage of the Attica prison revolt; they were the first to report that police bullets rather than prisoners' knives had killed the guards being held hostage. A four-member Boston *Globe* team won for an exposé of deep civic corruption in Somerville, Mass.

The emphasis on tough reporting was certainly a sign of the profession's increased respect for crusading. Until recent months, for instance, Jack Anderson was no darling of the more conventional journalists, some of whom considered him too erratic and frivolous. The editors and publishers who

DON CARL STEFFEN



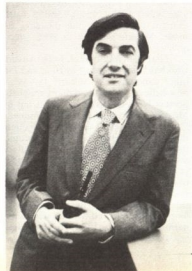
PULITZER WINNER JACK ANDERSON
Year of the investigator.

make up the Pulitzer juries and Columbia University's Pulitzer Advisory Board have obviously overcome that sentiment. Not so the university trustees, who must ratify the selections.

A majority of the lawyers, bankers and businessmen who dominate the board of trustees bristled at the thought of applauding the theft of Government documents. It was only after a bitter debate that the trustees voted reluctantly to accept the nominations. In an unprecedented statement they admitted: "Had the selections been those of the trustees alone, certain of the recipients would not have been chosen."

By placing thorns among the laurels, the trustees emphasized the continuing argument over the publication of secret material. If the press is to be the sole arbiter of what the Government can keep confidential, the conduct of public business would be difficult indeed. Yet officials continue to bury their mistakes, and there is little doubt that the nation is better off knowing the contents of the Pentagon papers and the Anderson papers, despite the violations of classification procedure.

NEW YORK TIMES'S NEIL SHEEHAN



Even before the latest Pulitzers were announced, criticism of another sort came from John McCormally, editor of the Burlington, Iowa, *Hawk-Eye* and himself a 1965 prizewinner and former juror. In the current issue of the journalism review *[More]*, McCormally argues for a more venturesome attitude on the prize givers' part. As a Pulitzer juror last year, he complains he was expected to scrutinize 134 entries within nine hours. McCormally claims that such a system "allows for some pretty good journalism to get lost." More importantly he contends that the selection group is too narrowly based to encompass all that is new and vital in journalism. For the sake of diversity he would add such nonjournalists as Jesse Jackson, Saul Alinsky, Daniel Berrigan and Spiro Agnew.

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THE LAW

Profits from The Prophet

... Unless the exchange be in love and kindly justice, it will but lead some to greed and others to hunger.

Kahlil Gibran's 1923 view of money matters, as spelled out in *The Prophet*, may have had some roots in his memories of the rough-and-tumble commerce practiced in his native village of Bsharri, Lebanon. Eight years later, when the author lay dying of tuberculosis in St. Vincent's Hospital in New York, he scribbled a one-page will in which he bequeathed the royalties from seven books to the people of Bsharri. After all, the books were not selling very well; they would bring a few thousand dollars a year to the relatively poor

town. It was a generous gesture, made in love and kindly justice.

At first the villagers reacted in kind, but as Gibran became a cult hero of the young, royalty income mounted to a current \$300,000 a year. The town dissolved into political, legal and physical fighting for control of the money.

Like most of Lebanon's mountain villages, Bsharri (population about 10,000) is run by the leading members of its major families. Each of those seven families named one member to a committee that quietly administered the Gibran estate. When the Gibran boom started in the '50s, however, committee membership suddenly became a source of political power. Any goatherd who sought assistance from the estate became politically indebted to the member who sponsored him. And financial kickbacks were not unheard of either. Soon families split apart in the clamor to win a committee position. Age-old feuds gained new fury, and at least two deaths resulted. Ultimately the two largest families—each with about 1,500 members—set up rival committees.

To add to the confusion, Gibran's sister Marianna, who lived in Boston until her death last month at 94, sought to win control of the copyrights as each one came due for renewal. In defense of their inheritance, the villagers of Bsharri retained New York Lawyer George Shiya, a Lebanese-American, and Shiya won the long legal battle for them. Then he claimed his agreed-upon fee—25% of all royalties from the renewed copyrights, a sum that could amount to perhaps \$1,000,000. At a cost of still more legal fees, the Bsharri villagers fought Shiya all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. They lost that scrap four years ago.

Meanwhile, the Lebanese government was in despair at the waste caused by all the fighting. Though the village

had received an estimated \$1,000,000, it had little to show for the money except \$200,000 worth of investments in real estate. The bulk of the money had simply disappeared. Almost no records had been kept. In 1967 the government finally threw out both competing committees and took over management of the estate itself.

The effect was surprisingly salutary. After glumly watching from the sidelines for four years, Bsharri's warring elements made peace. Last year, with governmental agreement, a new committee was elected, this time with two members from each family and one additional member to represent residents who belong to no major family. One hundred Bsharri students have received scholarships or interest-free loans to study at various schools and universities. A music academy for Bsharri children has been opened. Two new schools and a mobile medical clinic are planned. "We have learned a great deal from the troubles we have had in the past," says Committee President Emile Geagea. Last week he was en route to the U.S.—to get a new lawyer and check on current negotiations to promote Gibran's books in a series of TV specials.

A Motive in a Diary?

Was Angela Davis, avowed Communist and former instructor in philosophy at U.C.L.A., an integral part of the wild and bloody struggle to rescue the Soledad Brothers?

For nearly two months now Prosecutor Albert Harris Jr. has been trying to persuade a jury that Miss Davis provided the guns and is just as guilty as if she had pulled a trigger. Harris does not claim that he can prove Miss Davis' involvement directly. Instead, he is trying to provide the classic ingredients of a successful prosecution based on circumstantial evidence: that she wanted to commit the crime (motive), that she could have done it (means and opportunity) and that she then acted as if she had done it (guilty behavior afterward).

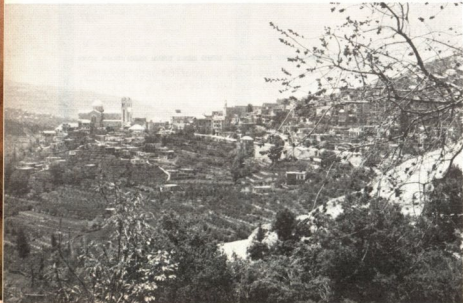
No one contests that she bought the shootout weapons. Or that she was friendly with young Jonathan Jackson, perpetrator of the Marin County courtroom kidnaping in which a judge and three others died. The prosecution argues that such facts show means and opportunity. Miss Davis' flight into hiding after the plot failed will be offered as proof of guilty behavior.

Pulse Beats. But without proof of motive, the rest of the case is inadequate. Prosecutor Harris contends that the hostages were to be traded for the freedom of the Soledad defendants, particularly Jonathan Jackson's older brother George, and that Miss Davis took part in the plot out of her love for him. Miss Davis, who actually met George Jackson only once, has said that she became interested in the Soledad case for political reasons and



KAHLIL GIBRAN

WILLIAM TRACY—ARNDT WORLD



BSHARRI BIRTHPLACE



The cigarette holder then.

The cigarette holder now.



It works like a
cigarette holder
works.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71





How many trips will you make this year?
Alone.

How often will you go back to your
hotel at five? Alone.

How often will you have a late dinner?
Alone.

How many times will you call home?
To talk to your wife. And to see how the
kids are.

How long ago did you tell the family:
"We're all going to go—someday."?
To New York, to Hawaii, to Disneyland
or to see the folks.

Do you know what? You're not alone.
Thousands of businessmen have the same
dream.

"Someday on a 747."

"Someday we'll all sit together and watch
the movie on the plane."

"Someday we'll all have steak and lobster
and laugh at 'coffee, tea or milk'."

"Someday . . ."

Is this year your family's someday?
After all, next year is a lot of lonely
flights away.

BOEING 747



Getting people together.

**Man was not
meant to fly
alone.**

Being plush isn't enough. I think a car should also be tough. That's why I like the Chrysler New Yorker.

—ARTHUR COENREY



If you've ever ridden in a Chrysler New Yorker Brougham, you know what I mean when I say it's plush. But just as important is the way this car is built. I've seen Chrysler build their cars, I think they're really trying to put together a car that will work better and last longer than any they've ever built before. That's important.



Here's another famous way to get around. Apollo 15. I wanted you to see it because it has to be strong. The structure of the command module is welded into a single unit. Chrysler welds their car bodies into a single unit for the same reason. Strength. In fact, Chryslers are welded in places where other cars are bolted together. The Chrysler engineers believe this makes for a strong car. And I think we all deserve cars that are as strong as possible.



This is what the inside of the New Yorker Brougham looks like. The seats have a beautiful fabric with a Jacquard weave. But more important, that fabric is built to look good through years of use. Everything that goes into this car has to be two things. It has to be high quality. And it has to be built to last.

You can tell a lot about the New Yorker just from looking at it. It's big. It's comfortable. And I think it's good looking. It's also a very quiet car. That's one of the things you can't see. It has rubber body cushions that help isolate the noise and vibration of the road, helping to keep it out of the interior of the car.

Try a New Yorker. I think it'll spoil you for any other kind of car. It's plush, and it's built to last. That's where Chrysler got their slogan for this year.

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

CHRYSLER



THE LAW

that she felt "affection" for Jackson. But Prosecutor Harris has emphasized passion rather than politics. To back his allegation, he produced three letters Miss Davis sent to Jackson, including one that states, "I have come to love you very deeply." And there is an 18-page "diary"—made up of other writings to Jackson—that goes considerably further. Composed exactly one year after her meeting with Jackson, the diary ranges over "the many things I planned to tell you for which

ELIZABETH SUNFLOWER



ANGELA DAVIS AT TRIAL
Rip down the door.

there just wasn't enough time." She recalls seeing him at an earlier courtroom hearing: "As I re-experience this now, my pulse beats faster. I begin to breathe harder, and I see myself tearing down this steel door, fighting my way to you, ripping down your cell door and letting you go free." The prosecution obviously hopes to show that she had tried to carry out that vision.

It will not be easy. The Davis authorship of the unsigned typescript was verified by prison officials who did not get a warrant before checking her typewriter; the defense objected and lost, but it will again charge an invasion of privacy if an appeal becomes necessary. Even more complications arise from the fact that the diary was written eleven months after the shootout, when Miss Davis was already in jail. The jury might well forget that the diary's strong words are not necessarily a reflection of her feelings just before the kidnapping. The key question, therefore, is whether the diary's relevance outweighs its prejudicial effect.

Judge Richard Arnason has already ruled that parts of the diary are too rambling to be relevant. But all last week he was pondering the complexities of admitting into evidence an edited version prepared by the prosecution. Without the diary, says Prosecutor Harris, "we might as well all pack up and go home."

EDUCATION

Time for a New G.I. Bill?

When Johnny came marching home from the second World War, he could march straight into college—or finish high school—with considerable financial help. A grateful nation had passed the G.I. Bill of Rights, which paid for tuition and books (up to \$500 a year for four years) and kicked in \$50 and up per month for living expenses. Today's Viet Nam veteran gets just \$1,575 a year to cover everything—and only for 36 months. That figure represents an increase of 6.7% over what was paid in the 1940s, but it hardly matches the 350% increase in education costs since then.

In an effort to ease their financial strain, some 350 veterans converged on Duluth last week to plan a campaign of political action. Why Duluth? "Because," said one vet, "the hotels offered to put us up for four dollars a head a night, that's why. We're all broke." Arriving by bus, motorcycle and thumb, delegates of the National Association of Collegiate Veterans (N.A.C.V.), which claims 500 chapters representing 250,000 veterans, began efforts to revise and update the obsolete G.I. Bill.

"Many veterans are forced to work now in order to stay in school," says N.A.C.V. Board Member Patrick M. McLaughlin, 25, once a staff sergeant in the 1st Infantry and now a prelaw student at Ohio University. Work cuts down on study time to such an extent, claims McLaughlin, that the 36 months of aid are almost sure to be exhausted before the student has earned enough credits for graduation.

To change an outdated system,

N.A.C.V. is organizing vets both on and off campus in hopes of electing local and state officials sympathetic to their needs. N.A.C.V.'s major objectives: a 20% increase in the subsistence allowance; payments of up to \$1,000 per year for books, fees and tuition; extension of studies from 36 to 48 months; two months' advance payment to enable veterans to meet registration costs.

"It would be another question if we were asking for more than the Government offered other vets in other wars," says Bill Cunningham, 28-year-old vice president of N.A.C.V., "but that's not the case. Listen, there were a million guys discharged in 1971. This year there'll be more. You've got to do something for these guys; they know full well what their fathers got when they came home."

What Is Taboo?

Does "academic freedom" mean that a university professor has the right to say anything he chooses? Even if he strays outside his field of expert knowledge? Even if what he teaches is generally considered wrong? Or if it leads to extremism and violence?

The Stanford University authorities struggled with these questions last fall during their protracted investigation of radical Professor of Literature H. Bruce Franklin; they concluded that he had "urged others to violence" during an outbreak of student demonstrations, and so they dismissed him (TIME, Jan. 17). Last week they had to deal with the no less touchy case of William Shockley, 62, a Nobel prizewinner and distinguished professor of engineering

GERALD BRIMACOMBE



VIET NAM WAR VETERANS ORGANIZING FOR POLITICAL ACTION IN DULUTH
"You've got to do something for these guys."



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English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, \$3.50



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."

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EDUCATION

science. Once again, they decided that academic freedom must have limits.

Shockley won his Nobel Prize in 1956 as a co-inventor of the transistor, but what he wants to teach is a subject that he calls "dysgenics." He defines the term as "retrogressive evolution through the disproportionate reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged." More simply stated, Shockley's argument is that blacks are genetically inferior to whites in intellectual capacity, and that in violation of the law of survival of the fittest, society encourages blacks to pass on their inferiority to their children. In a series of writings over the past decade, Shockley has called this process "downbreeding the poor" and warned that it will lead to "genetic enslavement." He has even proposed that bonuses be paid for the voluntary sterilization of those with less than average IQs.

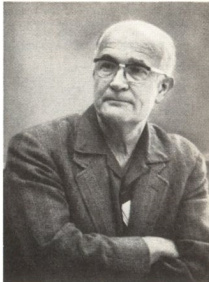
Protests. Virtually all scientists reject these views, of course, arguing that there is no sound evidence of intellectual differences based on race or of intellectual decline based on genetics. Nor has Shockley, a physicist, done any important research in biology or genetics. Presumably nobody would object very strongly if a noted physicist wanted to teach heretical theories about the origins of Shakespeare's plays, but the racist implications of Shockley's views have aroused fierce protests (as have the similar but more scholarly views of Psychologists Richard Herrnstein at Harvard and Arthur Jensen at Berkeley). Graffiti on Stanford walls have urged, "Sterilize Shockley." He has been burned in effigy. On two occasions his classes were broken up by hostile students, some flaunting the sheets of the Ku Klux Klan.

To settle the matter, Graduate School Dean Lincoln Moses asked the advice of a five-man faculty committee, including experts in biology, physiology, psychology, statistics and communications. After much agonizing over both Shockley's qualifications and his views—which one committee member called "essentially genocidal [and] abhorrent to all decent people"—a majority of 3-2 urged that he be permitted to teach his course for only one quarter and without credit.

Dean Moses then overruled his own committee. Although he declared that the university had an "obligation to encourage . . . heterodox 'dangerous' thoughts," he decided that Shockley's course would be "polemical" and his qualifications to teach it "subject to doubts." Moses therefore ruled: "I will not authorize the course."

But universities have wondrously diplomatic ways of achieving compromises. Although Stanford would not authorize Shockley's teaching, Moses observed that if the professor wanted to give his lectures anyway, "you may do so without special permission from anyone." Shockley declined to say whether he would go ahead, but, in contrast to

STUART ACKERMAN



STANFORD'S PROFESSOR WILLIAM SHOCKLEY
Academic freedom has its limits.

his troubled colleagues, he declared that the whole issue of academic freedom was "trivial" compared with the subject he wanted to teach—namely, the "illusion" of human equality.

Sonic Safeguard

Violence and vandalism used to plague Sacramento's racially mixed John F. Kennedy High School. "It is a fantastic mixture of haves and have-nots," says Principal Frank Schimandle, "and that is the problem."

Schimandle assumed his job after the school's former principal was felled by a heart attack in the midst of a 1968 student riot. Determined to stop the troubles, he worked with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on a \$1,300,000 project that produced an ultrasonic system to monitor the sprawling 44-acre campus.

Each student is assigned a four-digit number that is recorded in classrooms by the teacher and fed into a computer, which checks the roll call and notifies the principal of any absences. "Then we find him real quick," says Schimandle. "When kids are out of class, they're usually in trouble."

To remedy actual trouble, each teacher, administrator and employee now carries a pencil-size ultrasonic transmitter. When triggered, the "pencils" spark a light on a wall map in Schimandle's office; a horn honks for the principal's attention. Help can be dispatched within 30 seconds. So far this year, Schimandle reports, the number of major incidents has dropped to zero.

"Racial disturbances usually stem from some dispute between two students, and only become racial when other students take sides," he says. "By getting teachers on the scene quickly, we can solve problems before they grow into something bigger."

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ALLEN & KEATON IN "SAM"

Advice to the Loveworn

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

Directed by HERBERT ROSS

Screenplay by WOODY ALLEN

The joke here, as frequently with Woody Allen, is Woody and women. It remains a fairly fertile field of inquiry. But although there are some random laughs in *Play It Again, Sam*, there are also signs of strain and thinness. Allen's

tilting matches with the opposite sex, for all their manic frenzy, are becoming mechanical and familiar. Sam isn't the only one who plays it again.

The source of the somewhat spirited fun is Allen's play of the same title: standard long-running Broadway stuff about the romantic tribulations of daffy film critic Allan Felix (Allen), whose wife (Susan Anspach) has just left him. Felix also worries a lot about his sex life, which, because of congenital clumsiness, is virtually nonexistent.

From time to time the slouch-hatted and trench-coated shade of Humphrey Bogart (Jerry Lacy) appears and dispenses bits of hard-boiled advice to the lovelorn and loveworn Felix. With such expert assistance, Felix finally beds a kindly but dedicated neurotic (splendidly played by Diane Keaton of *The Godfather*, who spins something funny and touching from the script's few scattered remnants).

His lust quieted, Felix is promptly besieged by a battalion of guils. The girl is the wife of his best friend (Tony Roberts), who was too busy with financial wheeling and dealing to pay proper attention to her. Remorse. Anguish. What would Bogie have done? The ectoplasmic Bogart steers Felix through an honorable leave-taking at foggy San

Francisco airport—*Casablanca* come true.

The dialogue is mostly stand-up comic patter, and the movie is virtually bereft of visual humor. Herbert Ross, who was also responsible for *T.R. Baskin* and the musical remake of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, continues to direct as if he were dressing a window at Bloomingdale's. Everything looks terribly fussy and sterile. *Play It Again, Sam* badly needs the headlong energy and comic chaos that Allen worked into *Take the Money and Run* and, especially, *Bananas*, both of which he directed himself. Allen's comedy is at its best when it is loose and utterly crazy, untouched by human hands. ■ Jay Cocks

Out of Control

TEN DAYS' WONDER

Directed by CLAUDE CHABROL

Screenplay by PAUL GARDNER and EUGENE ARCHER

"This wonder, as wonders last, lasted nine days," intones Orson Welles in his best Eastern Airlines Wings-of-Man voice. The image cuts abruptly from a black screen to Tony Perkins thrashing and twitching in bed. He is in the last throes, we learn later, of an

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Mercury Montego MX Brougham. Options shown: Vinyl roof, appearance protection group, bodyside molding, luxury wheel covers, whitewall tires.

uncongenial drug experience. His hands are drenched in blood—"my blood," Perkins sobs, although he does not seem to have even a minor contusion.

Claude Chabrol, who excels at tightly disciplined exercises in suspense (*This Man Must Die*, *Le Boucher*), seems himself to be going momentarily delirious in *Ten Days' Wonder*, where tension and insight are subordinated to sorry stylistic flamboyance. Chabrol's camera swoops about like a dizzy flamingo, descending from great altitudes to light on such still lifes as a garden, a pond or two naked lovers entwined in the green leaves.

The lovers are Charles and Helene (Perkins and Marlene Jobert), the adopted children of a dotty millionaire tyrant named Theo Van Horn (Welles). Papa has used his fortune to re-create meticulously the year 1925. "It was an exciting time to be alive," he explains over his nightly gourmet repast, glaring balefully around the table at anyone who might offer a contradiction. Charles has to romp about the estate in knickers, but takes some solace in sculpting huge, brooding Olympian figures. Helene is something of a stiff, a quality convincingly conveyed by Miss Jobert, who shuffles through the film in a state of saucer-eyed *rigor mortis*.

Also on hand is an intellectual friend of Charles called Paul Regis (Michel Piccoli), who lacks the brains to get out while the going is good.



PERKINS, WELLES & JOBERT HOLD FAMILY CONCLAVE IN "WONDER"
A camera swooping from altitudes like a dizzy flamingo.

Charles and Helene confess their passion to him, and Regis receives the news with equanimity. He even helps the lovers deal with a blackmailer and generally tries to ease a situation further complicated by the fact that Helene is also Papa's wife. It all leads to murder, which is only to be expected from a film that is adapted from an Ellery Queen novel.

There is also a great deal of cosmic chatter about guilt, punishment and re-

demption. *Ten Days' Wonder* exudes a sort of occluded Catholicism, a quality that the young Chabrol detected in the work of Hitchcock, who has been a heavy and not entirely salutary influence on him. Everything is rather uninterestingly out of control here, including Orson Welles. When Welles arches an eyebrow he undergoes such convulsions that it appears he is trying to launch a great hairy boomerang off his face and into the stratosphere. ■ J.C.



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Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.
Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

THE THEATER

Small Favor

AN EVENING WITH RICHARD NIXON AND...
by GORE VIDAL

In this non-play, Gore Vidal rather hysterically strafes some of his pet skunks. In order of defamation, their names are Richard Nixon, John Kennedy, Dwight Eisenhower, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson and William F. Buckley Jr. Nixon is submitted to a kind of kangaroo court-martial, but Vidal is not interested in a dialogue of viewpoints. Instead, he offers a nonstop diatribe, vitriolic and at times caustically amusing. *Nixon* is so one-sided

HENRY GROSSMAN



IRVING WITH "L.B.J." & "HUMPHREY"
Kangaroo court-martial.

that it has the curious effect of creating a certain sympathy for its leading character.

The words are the President's own, but to parody Nixon's prose is to try to beat a master at his own trade. George S. Irving does a superb imitation in the role. Vidal vows that he will now abandon playwrighting. Thanks for small favors. ■ T.E.K. Kalem

The Ethos of Courage

THE CRUCIBLE
by ARTHUR MILLER

The name of every virtue at its apex is courage.

—Winston Churchill

This is Arthur Miller's play about courage. In quality, it ranks second only to his finest play, *Death of a Salesman*, a drama concerned with the lack of courage. Both plays stress the cost of

personal integrity, the price one pays for having it, and for losing it.

In plot and action *The Crucible* revolves around the trials for witchcraft in 17th century Salem. When first produced in 1953, it was lauded as an attack on the Communist witch hunts of Joe McCarthy. We can see in retrospect that the play was interpreted in too narrow a political sense. It deals with the universally recurring question of the individual conscience v. tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of the state, of economic or military power, of religion, or of the moment's public opinion.

Miller's answer is as strong as it is stark; the currency of conscience has only one backing—a man's lifeblood. Miller astutely recognizes that the purpose of tyranny is not to scourge the guilty but to crush the free. A tyranny must wipe out its most dangerous enemy—one man who will not save his life by confessing to a lie. Building to a powerful crescendo, *The Crucible* makes its hero (Robert Foxworth) face just that terrible choice. It is so easy to confess and not have to leave his wife (Martha Henry) a widow, his children fatherless. For a long moment he is tempted, and then he looks into the abyss darker than the loss of his life: the death of his soul.

This is the finest production of a play ever mounted at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater. The cast has been infected with the playwright's ethical fervor, and all its members deserve praise. In addition to Foxworth and Henry, three others win special laurels: Stephen Elliott as a pitiless magistrate, Pamela Payton-Wright as Foxworth's seductress, and Philip Bosco as a deeply troubled Christian minister.

Nowadays, the young often speak soberly of making "statements" with their lives. They might well learn from Arthur Miller, as from Churchill, that without personal moral courage, all other statements are meaningless. ■ T.E.K.

The Dust of Glory

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON
by JASON MILLER

A vital and effective theater group is more than a random assembly of actors, directors, designers, composers and a producer. To succeed, it must be the closest of families, bound by a common purpose and a consistent vision. This is the basic strength of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater. Profic in quantity and distinguishing in quality, the Public Theater's productions are linked by one theme: a running critique of U.S. life today.

Like a Socratic questioner, Papp wants to know what has happened to the American dream. What are the prevailing values, hopes and desires? Do they



CAST OF "CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON"
Dead behind the eyes.

ennoble or corrupt the people who hold them? What has been the psychic cost of Viet Nam? Do Americans believe in the brotherhood of man, or do the words merely camouflage a stubborn residue of racial and ethnic bigotry?

Most of these questions are raised with subtlety and without polemics in *That Championship Season*, a drama of searing intensity, agonized compassion and consummate craftsmanship. The play centers on the 20th reunion of a handful of men whose lives were once fresh as mountain springs and now resemble the sooty detritus of a city gutter. A silver trophy stands as a cenotaph for their one moment of glory, when they won a high school basketball title.

Journey to Defeat. Life has recast them as a pudgy, crooked mayor grubbing for re-election (Charles Durning), a philanthropist, strip-mining moneybags (Paul Sorvino), an amusingly cynical alcoholic (Walter McGinn), and his bitter school superintendent of a brother (Michael McGuire). Their old coach (Richard A. Dysart) is a whiplash of a man embalmed in the Vince Lombardi philosophy. But these men have lost the game of life, and in their rasping revelations à la *Virginia Woolf* and their boozy camaraderie à la *The Boys in the Band*, the playgoer finds out why.

They are all dead behind the eyes, but vividly, winningly alive in the theater. Playwright Jason Miller, 33, whose only previous full-length play, *Nobody Hears a Broken Drum*, was a quick flop, has chiseled out each role to give it the clean profile of humanity and of pity. The actors do him proud, seeming to have traveled every step of the way, from adolescent victory to middle-aged defeat, laughing and crying together. Director A.J. Antoon, who directed *Cymbeline* in Central Park last summer, has wrung a triumph of ensemble acting from these splendid players. To Joseph Papp, "Bravo!" once again. Serious drama has no finer friend. ■ T.E.K.

Mysteries from the Moon

IN Houston last week, Apollo 16 astronauts John Young, Charles Duke and Tom Mattingly took time out from their debriefings to hold a news conference at which they showed off their lunar camera work. "No picture can do justice to the beauty of the scene," said Mattingly as he pointed to one moon-escape, "and this is no exception." Nonetheless the films shot by the Apollo 16 astronauts are among the best ever taken in space; they provide an extraor-

than one that shows the Lunar Rover parked on the far edge of a yawning crater while Astronaut Duke picks up soil samples in the foreground (see color pages). One alarming view of Orion, shot from *Casper* by Mattingly, shows mysteriously damaged panels on the side of the lunar module as it returns from the surface of the moon.

Some of the most exciting film involves the electric-powered Lunar Rover. One sequence, shot from the Rover, provides a driver's-eye view of the passing landscape as the little vehicle skitters across the rock-littered surface. Others show the Rover bouncing off rocks as Astronaut John Young hot-rods along the Cayley Plains or throwing up rooster tails of moon dust as he puts it through a series of skidding, Le Mans-type racing turns. "It's simply a superb vehicle," said the high-spirited Duke after his return to Houston. The vehicle's designers could only agree. NASA engineers announced that they were delighted with the moon buggy and said that they planned no changes in it for December's Apollo 17 mission.

The NASA medical men were equally impressed with the functioning of the astronauts. Suspecting that potassium loss may have been responsible for abnormal heart rates in two of Apollo 15's crew members, NASA Director of Life Sciences Dr. Charles Berry had placed the Apollo 16 astronauts on a diet rich in the essential salt before and during their mission (TIME, May 1). The precaution appears to have paid off. None of the astronauts experienced more than minimal and predictable heart irregularities. Furthermore, post-flight examinations revealed that their potassium levels were normal and that no other physical problems had arisen.

But the mission did produce its share of mysteries. Among them:

► The Cayley Plains have an unexpectedly strong magnetic field by lunar standards. An orbiting magnetometer hinted during the Apollo 15 mission that the moon's ancient highlands had stronger magnetic fields than the low-lying lunar seas. A magnetometer at the Apollo 16's Descartes landing site confirmed that suspicion; it showed that Cayley was five to ten times more magnetic than the lowlands. The discovery has led scientists to surmise

that the moon's magnetic field was much stronger early in lunar history. It has also strengthened the belief of geologists like Dr. Palmer Dyall, one of the investigators in the magnetometer experiments, that the moon spun faster in its youth and had a molten iron core similar to the earth's; movements within the liquid core of the rotating earth are believed to generate the terrestrial magnetic field.

► One rock from the Descartes area was four or five times as radioactive as those picked up in the lowlands by Apollo 15, though less than those found by Apollo 14. The reason for this high radioactivity is unknown, but Dr. Farouk El-Baz, a geologist, believes the rock "must be a foreign piece which is not representative of the landing site. The only way it can have gotten there is by being thrown in by impact."

► Rock samples picked up by Apollo 16's astronauts were dramatically different from what scientists expected them to find at the site. It had been predicted that the Cayley Plains and the surrounding mountains would be scattered with igneous, or volcanic rock, but all the stones unpacked so far by scientists seem to be fragments called breccias—a mélange of chips, crystals and soil welded together either by volcanism or the impact of a meteor. Geologists believe that some of the samples, rich in aluminum, may represent the scum that formed on the lunar surface as the moon cooled; the lighter, aluminum-rich material would float to the surface. But they have no explanation for the origins of another sample that is a dense, almost basaltic rock peppered with tiny glasslike crystals. "It could be a rapidly crystallized igneous rock," says Dr. Paul Gast, chief of NASA's earth and planetary division, "or it could also be a high-grade metamorphic rock formed by impact." Whatever it is, Gast believes that the rock collection could prove useful in unlocking some of the secrets of the moon's formation. Said he: "The amount of information about the lunar highlands in these rocks far exceeds our hopes."

Extracting that information will not be easy. NASA's scientists have only begun the task of uncrating the 213-lb. geological treasure trove the astronauts brought back with them; they estimate that it will take weeks just to weigh and catalogue each sample. Even the most optimistic of the space agency's scientists figure that months will pass before all of the rocks have been fully examined, and many feel it could take another Apollo mission to help decipher their messages.

Lunar module's ascent stage leaves the moon behind as it rises to rejoin the command and service module for the return flight to earth (above right). Astronaut Charles Duke pauses near a huge crater (right) at the Descartes landing site to collect samples of lunar soil.

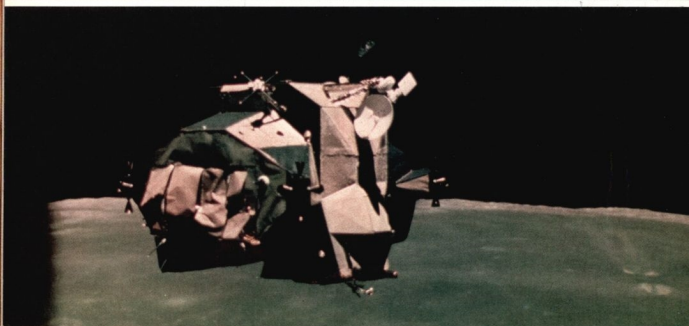
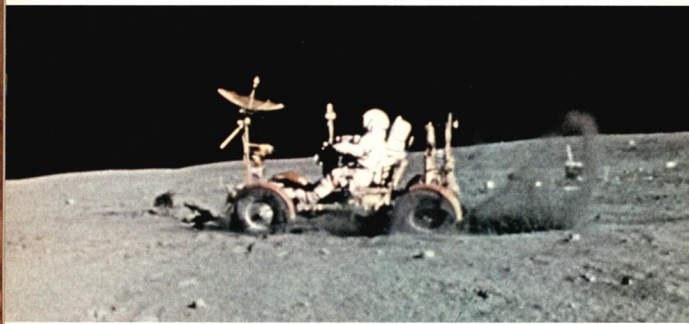
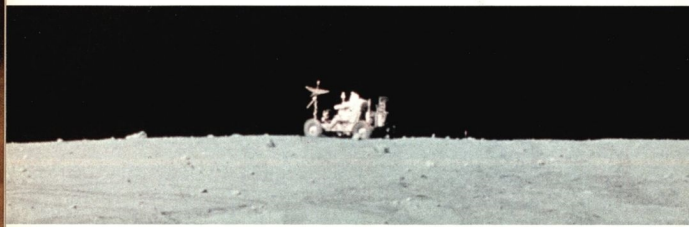


THE EARTH SEEN FROM APOLLO 16
Surprise for the scientists.

dinarily realistic sense of what it is like to land, walk and ride on the moon.

Movie footage taken through a window of the descending lunar module *Orion* offers a panoramic view of the scrubbed Cayley Plains, the craters looming ever larger. Then a black speck appears on the approaching surface, expanding rapidly until it is recognizable as *Orion's* sharp, spidery shadow, and finally disappearing in a swirl of gray dust as the lander touches on the surface. There are also still shots that strikingly convey the eerie desolation of lunar distances. None is more dramatic





ENVIRONMENT

Caught in the Courts

Behind closed doors the members of the House Public Works Committee were furious. "Pestiferous little lawsuits," said Congressman James Wright of Texas. The judges are "a bunch of ignoramuses," said Alabama's Robert Jones. "Ridiculous and silly," said Roger Zion of Indiana.

What incensed the committeemen was a relatively obscure section of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 (NEPA). It requires every federal agency to publish detailed statements on the "environmental impact" of every bridge or canal or other project under its jurisdiction—plus "reasonable" alternatives to those projects.

Such planning inevitably takes time, which means expense and delay. Because of NEPA, the \$3 billion trans-Alaska pipeline remains just an idea; not a foot of pipe has been laid. The Cross-Florida Barge Canal is a half-built, abandoned ditch. Plans to link the Tennessee and Tombigbee rivers gather dust on engineers' shelves. Ironically, even the federal program to curb water pollution is stalled because of the paper work required by NEPA (some 20,000 separate permits might be required).

Good. The basic conflict is between opposing interpretations of the public interest. To conservationists, NEPA is a good to force the entire federal establishment to pay more attention to environmental problems. Turning to the courts, they have challenged the ecological wisdom of project after project—and thus halted them. "If agencies were making a real effort to implement NEPA, there wouldn't be so much litigation," argues Lawyer Gus Speth of the Natural Resources Defense Council. "It's a tough law and the agencies didn't realize it." But they are learning the lesson. To date, the courts have ruled for the environmentalists in the great majority of decisions.

On the other hand, the federal agencies find that the labor of preparing impact statements brings up myriad problems. In considering the effects of the 770-mile-long trans-Alaska pipeline, for example, planners had to investigate obscure questions like the effect of the

pipe on caribou migration and spawning salmon. Its "statement" eventually filled nine large volumes. As a result of such toil, industry must often wait and wait for final approval of the agencies' statements before it can get on with its own work. Electric utilities with plans to build nuclear reactors have been particularly hard hit. NEPA is partly responsible for the fact that the Atomic Energy Commission has not issued a single license to start construction or operation of a nuclear plant since last summer, and the utilities fear that the delay may exacerbate power shortages for years.

Despite the courts' support of NEPA, the numerous critics of the law seem to be gaining. No less than ten new bills have been introduced to overcome various delays and difficulties deriving from NEPA. Though few of the bills di-

rectly change NEPA itself, all of them promote specific exemptions—for nuclear plants, water pollution control and public works projects like highways and dams—to avoid the troublesome impact statements. "You get enough of these exceptions on the books," says an aide to NEPA's co-author, Michigan Representative John Dingell, "and you'll just wall NEPA off from reality."

Practical men like Dingell feel that some minor surgery on the law may be necessary now to avoid wholesale butchery later on. The major conservation groups disagree, warning that such expedient changes would set a dangerous precedent. Urging moderation, William D. Ruckelshaus, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, argues that "the impact statement is a powerful but costly instrument in the fight against pollution. We must not, by [its] indiscriminate application, generate cost and delays leading to a public counterreaction."

TOM BRUNT



GIGANTIC STRIP-MINING MACHINE ON THE JOB NEAR HENDRYSBURG, OHIO

Why Does the Gem Cross the Road?

THE Gem of Egypt, which looks something like a cross between a lobster and a skyscraper, stands 20 stories high and weighs 7,000 tons. Tearing up earth at a rate of 200 tons per bite, the Hanna Coal Co.'s Gem (actually an acronym for Giant Earth Mover) has stripped the top 80 ft. of soil off the area around Hendrysburg, Ohio, so that other machines can gouge out the underlying coal. Now the Gem wants to move across Interstate Highway 70 and chew its way toward Barnesville (pop. 4,300), ten miles to the south.

Back in 1964 the Hanna Co. persuaded federal and state officials to agree that its equipment could cross the highway occasionally. But two of

Barnesville's more redoubtable matrons, Mrs. Norma Schuster and Mrs. Aida Rissi, are ready to argue in court that this agreement never envisaged equipment as mighty as the Gem, which requires that the highway be closed for 24 hours and covered with a 12-ft. protective blanket of earth while the Gem creeps across it at ½ m.p.h.

If litigation fails, the two women will try to get a change in zoning rules that would set up a five-mile green belt to protect Barnesville from the machine. Meantime, the Gem crawls ever nearer the road. It is already so close that motorists sometimes stop to marvel as the Gem's giant bucket dips and crunches into Ohio's good earth.

Astronaut John Young drives the lunar roving vehicle to its final parking place on the moon (top left), but not before raising a cloud of dust during an exuberant, 11-m.p.h. performance test on rubble-strewn Cayley Plains (center left). View from the command module Casper reveals still unexplained damage to panels of the lunar module Orion as it approaches during almost perfectly executed docking maneuver (left).

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Dali in 3-D

In the 30-odd years since Salvador Dali separated from the surrealist movement, he has leaped from one extravagant triviality to the next, combining the roles of circus freak, spangled elephant and Barnum himself. The performance is tinted with sadness. Dali is undoubtedly the last of the great dandies, but nobody accepts his own belief that he is the last of the great artists, heir to Vermeer and Velázquez. The baroque costume jewelry, the monarchist-Catholic oratory, the worn stock of crutches and soft watches—all have dust on them. Even the trembling antennae of that fabled mustache have apparently ceased to receive or transmit anything.

Dali's latest attempt at a comeback is his current show at Knoedler's in Manhattan. It is a lugubrious event, more rummage sale than exhibition. Though it was not conceived as a retrospective, it spans about four decades of his output and so gives some sense of the appalling decline that his talent has suffered. To see some of Dali's best early work, like the tiny *Specter of Sex Appeal* (1934), is almost to confront a different painter: somewhere along the line that nightmarish distinctness and mystery of image, in which every speck of paint possessed a tension like the casing of a grenade that was about to explode, vanished. What replaced it was ornamental theater.

In recent years, Dali has tried to give his work a quasiscientific dimension by toying with such themes as Einstein's

theory of relativity and the discovery of the DNA spiral. The latest Nobel laureate to experience his attentions is Dr. Dennis Gabor, the inventor of holography. A hologram, made with laser beams, has the property of accurately reproducing an object in three dimensions. "All artists," proclaims Dali, "have been concerned with three-dimensional reality since the time of Velázquez, and in modern times the analytic Cubism of Picasso tried again to capture the three dimensions of Velázquez. Now, with the genius of Gabor, the possibility of a new Renaissance in art has been realized with the use of holography. The doors have been opened for me into a new house of creation."

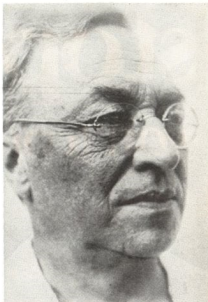
The house may be new, but its cupboards are rather bare. The images are banal—a Yale basketball player leaping upward "in the process of becoming an angel"; card players at a table, in homage to Cézanne, superimposed on fragments of a Velázquez as background. Dali has simply made use of a different medium for all his old and familiar mannerisms.

■ Robert Hughes

Endowed with Life

Who was the first abstract artist? There are many claimants, from Pica-bia to the obscure Lithuanian Ciurlionis. But if one angles the question a little and asks who was the first painter to produce a major life's work from systematic abstraction, there is only one answer: Wassily Kandinsky, who was born in Moscow more than a century ago, in 1866, and died in France in 1944.

WALTER JACKSON



ABSTRACTIONIST WASSILY KANDINSKY
Hallucinatory images.

"I really believe," Kandinsky wrote toward the end of his life, "that I am the first and only artist to throw not just the 'subject' out of my paintings, but every 'object' as well."

Thanks to the Guggenheim Museum, whose founder bought more than 100 Kandinskys during the 1930s, there has always been a special relationship between the artist and a city he never visited, New York. Next week a major Kandinsky retrospective opens at the Guggenheim, giving New Yorkers and others a further chance to assess this curious, prophetic and rather aloof figure and to see how close to the core of modernism his visions lay.

Influences. Kandinsky was a late starter. He painted nothing serious until he was 30, and his seminal work hardly began until he had turned his 40th year. But the influences were already being laid down. A student of law and political economy at the University of Moscow, he visited rural Russia on an ethnological survey in 1889 and there saw a lot of folk art. Its rigid iconography and flamboyant patterns made a vast impression on him; the ceremonious detail of his later abstractions, with their tiny squares, circles and triangles "tuning" each other like embroidery—as in *Pink Sweet, No. 481, 1929*—is very Russian. Even Kandinsky's subsequent color theory, his belief in the character and meaning of different colors and their use as a structured language, may well have stemmed from the symbolic use of color in Russian popular art.

When he decided to abandon his academic career and paint, Kandinsky moved to Munich and studied there. After the provincialism of Russia, the artists' colony of Schwabing absorbed him. He called it "a spiritual island in the great world." This was in 1897, at the



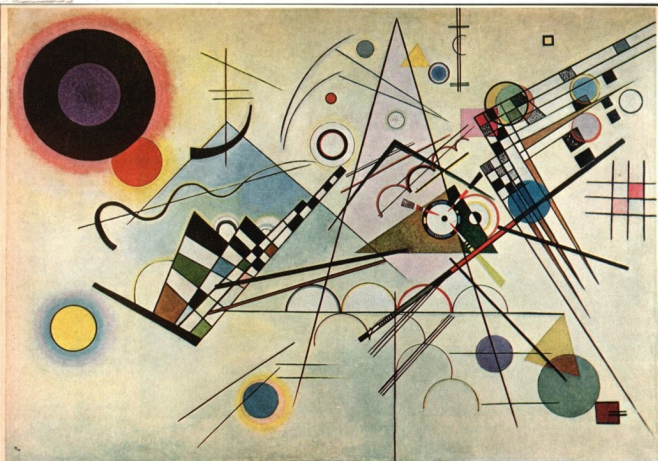
HOLOGRAM OF BASKETBALL PLAYER "IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING AN ANGEL"
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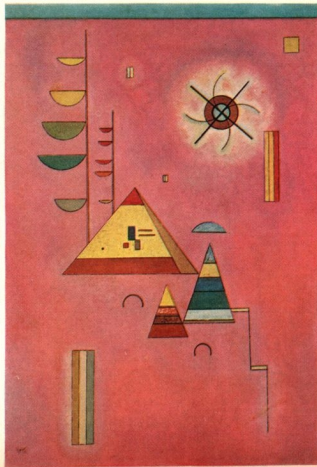
Fauve influence dominates the strong color of Wassily Kandinsky's early "Landscape near Murnau," 1909.

References to landscape remain in the scribbles of Kandinsky's abstract "No. 160b. (Improvisation 28)," done in 1912.





Throughout his career Kandinsky based his art on geometrical motifs, using titles for classification purposes only. At top, "Composition 8, No. 260," done in 1923. Right, "Pink Sweet, No. 481," painted in 1929. Above, "Ribbon with Squares, No. 731," dating from 1944, the year of his death.



ART

height of the *Jugendstil*, or Art Nouveau, movement. What Kandinsky got from Art Nouveau was not so much its airy, sinuous quality as its decorative way of filling space: a painting like *Landscape near Murnau*, as late as 1909, is full of references to the style, with its slow, thick contour of white cloud, its carefully silhouetted forms of green hill and pink road.

Secret Souls. Yet the crucial issue for Kandinsky was not style but vision. There is something hallucinatory about the richness of Kandinsky's stock of inner images. Of his way of seeing, he wrote that "everything 'dead' trembled. Not only the stars, moon, woods, flowers of which the poets sing, but also a cigarette butt lying in the ashtray, a patient white trouser button looking up from a puddle in the street, a submissive bit of bark that an ant drags through the high grass in its strong jaws to uncertain but important destinations. Everything shows me its face, its innermost being, its secret soul, which is more often silent than heard."

For Kandinsky, all objects were endowed with life (an animistic idea that Miró later developed brilliantly). This aliveness, as English Critic Paul Overy put it in a recent study of Kandinsky, "interacted with our own aliveness, thus creating reality." One can feel its pressure, vivid and tremulous, in the darting lines and patches of color beneath which a landscape is forming in *No. 160b* (*Improvisation 28*), 1912, no less than in the cooler, more architectural forms of the great demonstration pieces, like *Composition 8, No. 260*, 1923, painted after he moved to the Bauhaus in Weimar to teach.

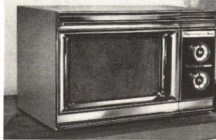
Not the least of Kandinsky's achievements is that he worked out the first viable alternative to Cubist space—and did it as early as 1915. He was not concerned with what exercised the Cubists and later became an absolute fetish in American painting, the "problem" of filling the picture plane. In fact he strove to destroy the illusion of a unified, comprehensible surface, which representational art had gained by means of perspective and which Cubism achieved through its multiplicity of facets. The forms of *Ribbon with Squares, No. 731*, 1944, simply hover in an illimitable field of color, whose depth cannot be guessed; they evoke what Kandinsky called "floating sensations," whose only concern is with thrust and counter-thrust, disembodied, in free fall.

Kandinsky's sensitivity to color was so extreme that, had he not been an artist, it might have been a neurosis; and the action of one color on its neighbor was the object of study in this weightless laboratory. He was sometimes too ridden with theory, sometimes tangled in the impossible web of his own tiny pictorial decisions. But there has never been a modern painter in whom idea, purpose and act ran more harmoniously than in Kandinsky at his best. Perhaps there never will be.

■ R.H.

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NBC'S JOHNNY CARSON



ABC'S DICK CAVETT

SHOW BUSINESS

Racing for Midnight

For nearly ten years NBC's Johnny Carson has monopolized TV's late hours with his facile, funny and cool show-biz chatter. ABC hoped to cut into his audience with Dick Cavett and a more intellectual approach. CBS aimed to bring him down with that old Beverly Hills Merv Griffin. But neither even approached his ratings, and Carson remained undisputed king of the insomniacs. No longer. Since CBS replaced Griffin with a lineup of late movies twelve weeks ago, Carson, for the first time in a decade, has found himself in a ratings race.

It is a race he often loses. Since the movies began, they have topped Carson's ratings seven out of nine times, although in the latest Nielsen report, Carson averaged a 32.5% share of the viewing audience v. CBS's 31%. (CBS's Griffin, by contrast, had drawn around 16% of the late watchers and ABC's Cavett has drawn about 13%.)

NBC argues—and has the figures to prove it—that though Carson's share of the audience has gone down, his total number of viewers has remained constant. CBS, it contends, has grabbed a whole new audience of diehard film buffs that was not watching the talk shows. Still, the film phenomenon must give pause to Carson, who last week moved his show from New York to Los Angeles, hoping, among other things, that he will be able to attract more show business guests on the West Coast. What makes it all the worse is that Carson's competition comes mostly from B-grade flicks.

The other talk shows are having problems as well—and not just from the late movie. It was announced last week

that David Frost's syndicated talk show would die at the end of June, and ABC has warned Dick Cavett that unless his ratings are improved in the next three months, the show would be dropped in the fall. Cavett counters that ABC has been "lazy, inept and incompetent" in promoting his show. What would take his place? ABC talks grandly of a "major program development effort" to find something new. So long as its ratings keep up, CBS will be happy with its own "development effort"—dusting off cans of old movies.

The Survival of Tuesday

Despite her name, Tuesday Weld was born on a Friday. Then why is she called Tuesday? There is no telling for sure, though in the past she has said that the name was 1) a childhood corruption ("Tu-Tu") of Susan, her given name, 2) derived from the day when all the worst things happened to her mother, and 3) a mispronunciation of *two-days*, the length of time her mother was in labor with her. Whatever the truth, the world is beginning to realize that, at 28, Tuesday Weld is a first-rate actress.

Weld film festivals have been held in Manhattan, and there is already something of a Tuesday Weld cult, which was partially inspired, paradoxically, by the fact that she has been so good in so many bad films. "She was undervalued year after year," says Roddy McDowall, who starred with her in *Lord Love a Duck*, one of her less awful movies. As a drum majorette in *Pretty Poison*, a fine but little-publicized 1968 film, she mixed innocence with evil to chilling effect, etching her character with acid and honey.

Now at long last she may have found a script that fits her talents. In *Play It As It Lays*, a movie currently being adapted from Joan Didion's novel, Tuesday portrays Maria, an actress in search of a breakdown in the vast emptiness of Southern California. "She knows the role so well she could phone it in," says Director Frank Perry (*Diary of a Mad Housewife*). "I tested hundreds of girls for the part, but I always knew it had to be Tuesday."

Like Maria, Tuesday has always had the reputation of being a difficult performer to work with. Like Maria, she has had a troubled private life that has made her something of an untouchable flower in lotus land. "Miss Weld is not a very good representative for the motion-picture industry," complained Gossip Columnist Louella Parsons, Hollywood's dragon lady, when Tuesday was 16 and the star of a seemingly endless series of sex-at-the-beach type



TUESDAY WELD ON LOCATION FOR NEW FILM *Untouchable flower in lotus land*.

minipics. Actually, Tuesday's sins—odd clothing, bare feet and open love affairs—would have seemed quite normal a decade later. Her chief offense was to be hip too soon.

Tuesday has been too soon in almost everything she has done. Born in New York's Greenwich Village, she was supporting her family—her mother and an older brother and sister—as a child model when she was four. Her father had died when she was three. When she was twelve, she appeared in her first movie, *Rock, Rock, Rock*, a cheapie made in Brooklyn to cash in on the rock-'n'-roll craze of the '50s. Whatever its demerits, the film projected Tuesday as the archetypal nymphet, Shirley Temple with a leer. "The girl I generally played was a little whorish teen-ager who would sleep with anybody, and yet has a childlike quality," says Tuesday.

Even in her teens she had a reputation for wildness. "I used to say I

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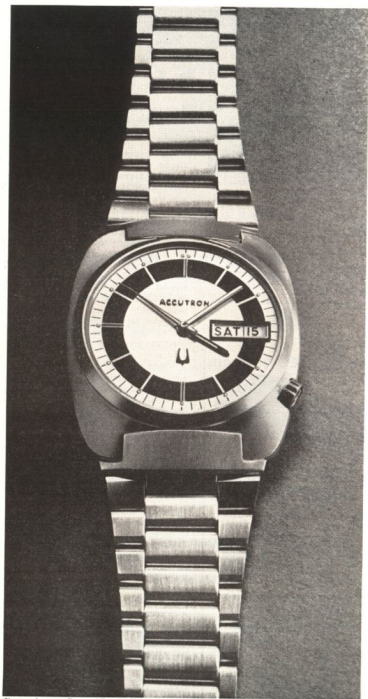
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SHOW BUSINESS

was going to school," she remembers, "and head for the Village and get drunk instead. But then I wasn't a little girl at all at that age—I never had been." At 16, she was bounced from TV's *Dobie Gillis* because a sponsor thought she was out of place on a family show. Men took on an early importance (she claims she had her "first real affair" when she was eleven), and her succession of boy friends ranged from Albert Finney and John Barrymore Jr. to Terence Stamp and the ubiquitous George Hamilton.

She often brawled publicly with Barrymore, and she once tried to run down Actor Gary Lockwood with her car. When he jumped on the hood, she sped down Sunset Boulevard trying to shake him off while he pleaded with her through the windshield. "Tuesday did some wild, wild things and screwed up many, many guys," says Ryan O'Neal, a longtime friend. "She's highly sexual. It's what makes her interesting on the screen."

War Hero. At 22, Tuesday married Claude Harz, a young screenwriter who was working as Roddy McDowall's secretary. Though it lasted for five years and produced a daughter, Natasha, the marriage was one of her bigger mistakes, according to Tuesday. "It seems the brighter you are, the deeper the hole you get into," she says. "How can people endure pain for so long and let it ride by?" She declares about men: "It's never satisfactory. Either the man is able to keep you happy sexually, and he has no intellectual quality; or he's very intellectual and not good at carrying on a satisfactory sexual relationship."

Woe and perturbation! But don't worry too much about Tuesday. She still goes on an occasional bender, and talks openly about drugs. "I enjoy getting high on anything," she says. "No, not anything. Not drugs like acid. The pot I smoke has to be very good quality, and I love it. It gives you a terrific feeling."

Tuesday she is thinking—or says she is thinking—of things other than films. She writes verse in a loose, prosy style—"You be a Nubian, you be a sheep chained to death's tow rope," begins one of her poems—and she plans to write a screenplay. She even talks about writing a novel, which if it follows her own life would read like a collaboration between Louisa May Alcott and Harold Robbins.

But above all, Tuesday Weld has survived. She has lived down her name, her image and her reputation. Says O'Neal: "She's held in very high esteem because of her survival and because she's good. She's like a war hero, and she deserves the Congressional Medal." The only thing that bothers her is—what else?—success. "If I find myself a commercial success, I'll probably go into a state of shock," she says. "If I get out of this underground thing and become commercial, I don't know what I'll do."

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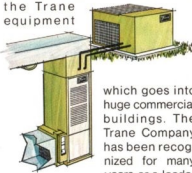
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CONTROLS

Now, On to Phase II $\frac{1}{2}$

THE Phase II wage-price curbs have changed so much lately that the period now beginning might be called Phase II $\frac{1}{2}$. The inflation-fighting program started six months ago as a sweeping attempt to put controls on companies of all sizes, down to side-street delicatessens and hand laundries, with only a small enforcement mechanism. Now the operation has been streamlined into something much closer to what most economists had recommended all along. The Nixon Administration will restrict controls to the major companies that set the pace for the economy, and back the controls by tougher policing and the threat of well-publicized punishment.

The biggest change came last week, when the Cost of Living Council exempted from controls some 5,000,000 companies that have 60 or fewer employees each (small companies in the inflation-ridden fields of health care and construction are still controlled). COLC Director Donald Rumsfeld said: "It appears to us that competition will exert pay and price control on these small businesses."

More Rollbacks. The small companies that were liberated account for about one-fourth of U.S. industry's sales and jobs. Some 900 Internal Revenue Service agents will be freed from the job of poring over the books of these firms and shifted to the more productive task of investigating complaints against larger corporations. In all, nearly 2,000 IRS men will be policing the big companies. As Herbert Stein, head

of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, put it: "We can watch many more billions of Gross National Product by watching General Motors than by watching the corner grocer."

Simultaneously, the Price Commission continued to toughen its regulation of the companies with annual sales of \$50 million or more that must report price and profit data. The commission ordered more rollbacks involving major companies, though relatively minor products. Tectron Inc., for example, must rescind a price increase on snowmobiles, and Armco Steel will have to cancel hikes on such merchandise as soap and hammers sold in its oilfield supply stores, which account for less than 1% of Armco's sales. Both companies were also ordered to refund money to customers who were charged the higher prices. Associated Wholesale Grocers, which has sales of \$240 million a year, became the second company to be assessed triple damages for raising prices. The commission ordered it in effect to pay these damages to customers by severely cutting prices.

The commission also cracked down on the distressingly large number of companies that, it says, have been supplying it with suspicious-looking data or none at all. Under its complex rules, price boosts must not increase a company's profit margin—its ratio of earnings to sales—above that of a pre-control base period. To enforce that rule, the commission had ordered that 2,954 companies file profit-margin reports by last week. Nearly 1,600 failed to do so.

Chairman C. Jackson Grayson ordered them to come up with the figures by this week or else roll back all price increases previously granted and face fines of \$2,500 each.

Grayson's hard line has frightened Wall Street and helped to knock the Dow Jones industrial average down 28 points in the past three weeks, to a Friday close of 941. Investors fear that Grayson will block all large profit gains by ordering wide-ranging price cuts. Some Administration officials worry that nervous businessmen might react by holding back on investments and expansion plans, hindering the economic recovery. Grayson has been warned about this concern, but the Price Commission acted anyway.

Overdone Worries. The fears are vastly exaggerated. Companies that have profit margins below the Commission's ceilings, and thus can boost prices, greatly outnumber those that are above the ceilings. Eastman Dillon, a leading investment-banking house, calculates that pre-tax profits of all manufacturers could average 8.2% of sales without violating the Commission's ceilings—but that they actually were only 6.9% in last year's fourth quarter, leaving plenty of room for price-increase requests. Even companies that are close to their margin ceilings can raise profits without limit as long as they do it by increasing sales or improving productivity rather than by raising prices. The Price Commission last week specifically reaffirmed its policy of not ordering such firms to cut prices, no matter how much their profit increases. Phase II $\frac{1}{2}$ is thus not a war on profits—which would be inconceivable in a Nixon Administration—but the most thorough test yet of the idea that inflation can be checked by monitoring large corporations.

RUMSFELD AT WASHINGTON NEWS CONFERENCE



GRAYSON AT CONGRESSIONAL HEARING



MONEY

Deficits Decline

Things were looking up last week for the nation's two most important deficits:

► The U.S. balance of payments deficit in April was the lowest in nearly a year—little more than \$100 million according to estimates by Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists. That figure was way down from \$1.3 billion in March and \$1.6 billion in February, let alone the \$8.8 billion payments gap last August. The biggest boon last month was that more U.S. investment funds stayed home instead of seeking a higher return abroad. Some European interest rates have fallen lately. Meanwhile, short-term rates in the U.S. have risen as a result of growing loan demand and a somewhat tighter Federal Reserve monetary policy. Since February, rates of 91-day Treasury bills have climbed from 3.07% to 3.51%, and bank prime rates have gone from a low of 4½% to as high as 5½%. Short-term interest rates are likely to show a slow upturn for the rest of the year, which should continue to aid the balance of payments.

► The U.S. budget deficit for this fiscal year will fall well short of the \$38.8 billion projected by President Nixon last January. It will be anywhere from less than \$30 billion to \$32 billion. The overwithholding of income taxes (TIME, Jan. 24) will reduce the deficit by \$6 billion in fiscal 1972. In addition, the President wanted to spend a lot of federal money in a hurry to help lift the economy, but Government agencies simply could not speed up payments and new orders that fast. Much of the spending that Nixon had hoped for this year will be delayed until fiscal 1973, which begins in July. As a result, the fiscal 1973 deficit is likely to be higher than Nixon's originally projected \$25.5 billion. Economist Maurice Mann, formerly Nixon's assistant budget chief, predicts that 1973's deficit will "significantly exceed \$30 billion." That larger deficit should help the economy accelerate after midyear, but perhaps too much so, heightening the danger of renewed inflation.

Japan: Big New Lender

Willie ("The Actor") Sutton used to say that he robbed banks "because that's where the money is." The same reasoning—though not the same *modus operandi*—is prodding foreign businessmen and government representatives toward Tokyo in quest of loans and investment money. They get a warm welcome from Japanese bankers, businessmen and government officials, who face the unusual problem of reducing an embarrassingly enormous pile of cash.

In less than a year, Japan's foreign reserves more than doubled, to almost \$17 billion. The money has been attract-



HITACHI'S KOMAI, VIRGINIA GOVERNOR HOLTON & MITSUI'S IWANAGA IN TOKYO



TRADE MINISTER KAKUEI TANAKA
Brother, can you spare some yen?

ed by the nation's solid success at selling goods abroad, and even more by its having what is perhaps the world's strongest currency, the yen. Many Japanese fear that the money flood will bring intense new foreign pressure for still another upward revaluation of the yen. They also believe that it is high time to export not only merchandise but also money.

Japanese companies' investments in overseas factories, mines, bank branches and the like now are only \$3.6 billion but are rising rapidly. Leaders of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) predict that by 1980 the total may reach \$26 billion. In the U.S., the Japanese are investing in everything from noodle making to home building. A partial list: Sony is building a \$1,000,000 color-TV plant in San Diego, and Nissin Food Products Co. has put up a noodle factory in Gardena, Calif. Matsushita Electric is about to begin producing color-TV sets in Puerto Rico, and Toyota Motor is considering building an auto assembly plant there. Last month Mitsubishi Estate formed a joint venture with Morgan Stanley & Co. to build new communities in the U.S. The first will probably be a 1,000-home, \$30 million development near Williamsburg, Va. Several states have sent delegations to Tokyo seeking more investment. Governor Linwood Holton of Virginia visited recently and conferred with Kenichiro Komai, chairman of Hitachi,

and Iwao Iwanaga, chairman of Mitsui Petrochemical, among others.

Japanese loans and stock investments are also flowing more freely to foreigners. Five Japanese banks recently joined with Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. in lending \$13.8 million to a Gulf Oil subsidiary in the U.S. Last month the Tokyo government granted permission to three Japanese securities houses to underwrite bond issues totaling \$90 million for three U.S. firms: North American Rockwell, International Utilities Overseas Capital Corp., and General Cable Overseas Inc. Canada's Hydro-Quebec and the governments of Australia and Mexico are shopping in Tokyo for bond loans.

On the stock side, a group of Japanese banks last month put up \$5,000,000 to buy a 90,000-share block, or .2% of the stock, in First National City Co., parent company of Manhattan's First National City Bank. Chrysler Corp. is considering selling to Japanese investors a million shares of its stock—worth about \$35 million—to raise money for a joint automaking venture with Mitsubishi Motors Corp.

Government Help. The Tokyo government is spurring these trends. Last month it repealed the key measure in the maze of exchange controls that have kept Tokyo from developing an international capital market. For the first time in 40 years, private bankers and other capitalists in Japan can keep, spend or lend any foreign currencies that they accumulate, rather than being compelled in most cases to sell them to the government for yen. In addition, at the urging of MITI Minister Kakuei Tanaka, government technicians are now working out details of a plan to shift from \$5 billion to \$9 billion of the government's foreign-exchange reserves into a fund for making long-term loans to Japanese companies investing overseas.

The rise of Japan as a global lender and investor seems healthy. Asia's richest country certainly has the financial power to play a far larger role in the world economy than that of exporter. Many foreign companies and governments could use a new source of capital. Direct Japanese investment could create needed jobs in quite a few countries, not least the U.S.

REAL ESTATE

Florida's Sunshine State

ONCE upon a time, a band of grown-up boys set out to build the world's happiest place in the fantasy realm of Florida. So they went to their money-lenders and their architects and they created a warm-weather wonderland of spaceships and riverboats, of wilderness campgrounds, turreted castles and lagoons. People came from far and wide—Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio—to visit this playland. And the builders, who came from the Walt Disney World Co., made millions happily ever after.

That modern fable is being enacted in central Florida, where the new Disney World is exceeding the most optimistic expectations of its promoters. Its success is also a major force behind a business surge that is sweeping Florida, especially its central area and eastern coast. The state is in the midst of a tourist and real estate boom, as visitors and new residents pour in by plane, bus, car and camper. Many tourists who come to see the Disney show go on to visit Daytona Beach, Tampa, Miami, Cape Kennedy and other places—to the delight of hoteliers, restaurateurs, boat renters and other businessmen.

Newly Rich. Disney World alone attracts 1,000,000 visitors a month to its 27,000 acres of fun and games—and school is not even out yet. "It's great karma, man," noted one long-haired California youth as he emerged from the Mickey Mouse Review. During the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, traffic was backed up as much as 25 miles on the expressways leading into Orlando, site of Disney World.

Since it opened last October, Disney World has had to increase its staff from 5,500 to more than 10,000. In what used to be swamp country, the Disney Co. has put up two big, convention-oriented hotels with golf course and sailing facilities. The number of motel rooms in the Orlando area has doubled to 8,000 in the past seven months, and current and planned construction will raise the total to 24,000 in the next years. One would-be Orlando homeowner laments that construction of his house has been postponed indefinitely because bigger builders have cornered the entire supply of concrete block. Orange growers and ranchers who bought land before the current real estate boom have become newly rich. Property on the highway in sleepy Sebring, which is 90 miles south of Orlando, has jumped to \$25,000 an acre. A motel owner in Vero Beach, 102 miles away, recently paid \$150,000 for one-third of an acre fronting on the Atlantic.

Ed Skinner, manager of Vero Beach's Driftwood Inn, has a happy complaint: "Our business is up 20% from last year, and our rear ends are really dragging." Miami Beach's Hotel Fontainebleau posted a record 90% occupancy rate from November through April. This month it has booked an unprecedented five conventions—each taking up 1,000 rooms—and recently it turned down a booking for October 1977—because all rooms are already sold out. Earlier this year some hoteliers overbooked so egregiously that they had to turn away irate tourists who had confirmed reservations. In February, 150 people waited in vain for a whole day to get into the fully occupied Castaways motel at the north end of Miami Beach.

Housing Rise. On top of this, 3,300 new residents are crowding into Florida each week. Housing starts in the nation's second fastest growing state (after Nevada) have gone from 66,000 six years ago to 166,000 last year, and are expected to rise still higher this year. Condominium apartments are by far the most popular type of new building; for prices ranging from \$12,000 to \$125,000, owners often get such extras as pools, saunas and tennis courts. One of the thickest concentrations of condominiums is in Dade County, which includes Miami and Key Biscayne, vacation home of the nation's No. 1 tourist, but they have also spread fast in central Florida and many other areas.

The development surge is straining the state's social and environmental resources, especially its limited water supply. Recently passed laws give the state

government firmer control of future land and water use and bar any development in areas where wildlife would be disturbed or natural resources threatened. Yet state officials do not really want to discourage population growth and new building. For all the glitter of its resorts, many parts of Florida—particularly in the Northern Panhandle and interior rural areas—are poor. Fully 37% of the state's families live on an income below the poverty line. The new rush of development should help to lift many of them.

TOURISTS AT DISNEY WORLD NEAR ORLANDO



HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUM APARTMENTS IN MIAMI BEACH



CANADA

A Modest Response

We are coming out with a foreign-investment policy that is going to be the weakest of any industrialized nation's. If I were an American, I would be amazed by the sweet reasonableness of it.

—A Canadian Cabinet Minister

When that long-awaited policy statement was finally released last week, U.S. investors were indeed pleasantly surprised. After two years of intense study by a task force under Canadian Revenue Minister Herbert Gray, the Ottawa government decided merely to "review" proposed takeovers of sizable Canadian companies by foreigners and to permit only those that seem likely to bring "significant benefit" to the country.

That was a modest response to

hot issue in the forthcoming Canadian election campaign. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau may well beat them because he has taken aim at an unpopular form of investment. Takeovers, mostly by U.S. firms, account for only 17% of the flow of foreign investment money into Canada, but they are especially noxious to many Canadians because they do nothing directly to expand production or jobs but only transfer ownership to outsiders. Whatever happens in the next election, it would be a grave mistake for U.S. executives to underestimate the deep worry that their operations north of the border cause among many Canadians.

U.S. companies own 99% of Canada's oil refineries, 85% of its primary metal smelters, 84% of its rubber factories, 78% of its chemical industry, 77% of its electrical-apparatus business and 73% of the transportation-equipment industry—indeed, 90% of all Canadian plants that employ 5,000 or

to R. and D. is among the lowest of industrialized nations.

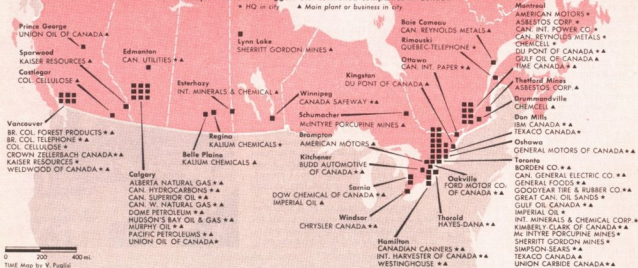
Most important, many Canadians worry that their country cannot control its own economy. Walter Stewart, a well-known author, sums up the widely held nationalist viewpoint: "The decisions to expand or retract, to open new plants or close old ones, to conduct research here or buy it elsewhere, are made in the U.S." In response to such criticism, some U.S. companies have recruited more Canadian directors for their subsidiaries and have given Canadian managers top jobs. But U.S.-based chiefs of many companies still seem to see Canada only as an extension of the U.S. Douglas Aircraft last year refused its Canadian workers a wage increase, contending that it was bound by President Nixon's U.S. wage freeze.

On the other hand, Canadians generally appreciate the fact that, in Trudeau's words, "it is because of American capital investment, and the

THE SWEEP OF U.S. INVESTMENT

Major locations of biggest U.S.-controlled companies in Canada

■ HQ in city ▲ Main plant or business in city



the smoldering nationalist resentment against "domination" of the Canadian economy by U.S. business. The Canadian Cabinet had considered much tougher proposals, which would have given Ottawa control over the flow of investment to start plants in Canada or expand subsidiaries already operating there. But the Cabinet rejected those ideas. Executives of U.S. companies that have poured \$28 billion into Canada—mostly by setting up wholly owned subsidiaries instead of buying out Canadian companies—noted that the new policy will have no direct effect on their operations, or on the \$1.8 billion in earnings that they bring back home each year.

Nationalists denounced the new policy as a "sellout," "hoax" and "one big zero" and threatened to make it a

more workers. Many a Canadian suburbanite begins his day by brushing his teeth with Crest, grabbing a cup of Maxwell House instant coffee, hopping into a Mustang and heading for work at, say, Du Pont of Canada Ltd.

U.S. investment has unquestionably enabled these industries to grow larger than they would have if they had been dependent solely on Canadian capital. In many a provincial town, U.S.-owned factories are almost the only source of employment and prosperity. Still, Canadians commonly complain that U.S. parent companies (known in Canada as "American mothers") treat the country like one gigantic branch plant. The "mothers" are accused, for example, of concentrating research and development in the U.S.; the percentage of Canadian gross national product devoted

to technology that came with it, that we enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world." Even some nationalists concede that U.S. companies have largely filled a vacuum left by the reluctance of some Canadian capitalists to invest in their own country. Such considerations clearly have won in shaping the government's policy.

In Australia, too, the welcome mat is being pulled back a bit. Nationalist suspicion was brought to a head when ITT, internationally somewhat notorious because of its political troubles at home, tried to buy Frozen Foods Industries of Australia Ltd. The Australian Cabinet last week hurriedly decided in principle to restrict foreign takeovers, though formal rules are unlikely to be framed for months.



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**Chet Huntley for
American Airlines.**

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Hawaii

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ROBERT SIX

JOSEPH WRIGHT

PERSONALITIES

Six's Shining Promise

In the airline industry, which has severe ups and downs, no executive can match the record of Robert Six, the 64-year-old president of Continental Airlines. Since starting the Los Angeles-based line 34 years ago, Six has lost money in only one year—1958, when Continental made the costly change-over from prop planes to jets.

Continental, fourth smallest of the eleven U.S. trunk lines, has prospered because it has mostly long-haul routes, running westward from Chicago, and they are cheaper to service than short flights. Six also gets so much productivity from his workers that Continental generates \$33,600 in revenues per employee, compared with an average \$29,000 for the domestic Big Four of American, Eastern, TWA and United.

At last week's annual meeting, Six said that a profitable first quarter seems to promise 1972 earnings better than 1971's figure of \$8.4 million. Some of the gain will surely come from his expanding jet cargo business, up last year by 57% (in part because of the West Coast dock strike). To handle the new volume, Continental has placed \$202 million in orders for four McDonnell Douglas DC-10 airbuses and 15 stretched Boeing 727s.

Wright's Winning Fight

As chairman of Zenith Radio Corp., Joseph Wright has long been his industry's Jeremiah, warning congressional committees and many other audiences that U.S. electronics companies could not meet Japanese competition. Other domestic television manufacturers began to buy components from Japan or move their plants to the Far East. Wright, too, shifted most of Zenith's black-and-white set production from Chicago to Taiwan, and in mid-1971 he sadly announced that he would transfer color-set production as well.

But he saw a much brighter picture as soon as the U.S. devalued the dollar, pressured Japan into revaluing its yen and took a sterner stand against Japanese dumping.

Encouraged, Wright decided to stay in the U.S. To reduce costs, Wright trimmed Zenith's payroll in the past year by nearly 8%. He also got much help from John Nevin, an innovative cost cutter who left a Ford Motor vice-presidency to become Zenith's president last May. Together, Wright and Nevin sold off marginally profitable lines in order to concentrate on consumer electronics. Last week Wright added to that line by acquiring the U.S. distributor of electronic watches made by Switzerland's Movado, a firm that Zenith already controls.

Most important, Zenith lowered its unit profit margin on color-TV sets, enabling it to cut the retail prices of color sets by \$30; now a medium-sized set costs about \$300. That greatly increased sales—the company has again inched ahead of RCA as the nation's largest seller of color-TV sets. Last month Wright announced that first-quarter sales had risen 22% and net profits had jumped 28% to \$10 million.

CONGLOMERATES

Godfather's Godfather

What is better than a good businessman? Answer: a good lucky businessman. Charles Bluhdorn, the highly creative and sometimes abrasive chairman of Gulf & Western Industries, is just that. In the 1960s he built G. & W. into a prosperous conglomerate, piling one acquisition atop another, from auto parts to zinc mining. But along with many other conglomerates, G. & W. floundered when tight money and recession struck a couple of years ago. Now Bluhdorn is making a comeback, lifted by a business where luck is a necessity: motion pictures. In his palmer days, Bluhdorn bought Paramount Pictures, lately the producer of *The Godfather*, which will probably be the biggest moneymaker in cinema history.

Bluhdorn is fortunate, because five years ago his Paramount executives bankrolled an obscure author, Mario Puzo, while he wrote *The Godfather*. Paramount got the rights to the screen version for a mere \$80,000 plus 2½% of the net profit for Puzo. Thanks to fine scripting, directing and acting, the picture stunned both critics and commoners (TIME, March 13). Only eight weeks after release, it has grossed nearly \$50 million.* By the end of G. & W.'s fiscal year in July, *The Godfather* is expected to show a pretax profit of \$10 million. According to industry experts, the movie may eventually *IRS agents are checking into the prices of tickets to *The Godfather*. In Washington, price controllers are debating whether theaters can legally raise prices for a smash hit. Tickets in Manhattan cost \$4, v. \$3 for previous movies.

earn \$80 million in profits for G. & W. At the same time, G. & W. has another smash, *Love Story*, that will bring in an additional \$16 million this fiscal year. Other promising films are in the works: a sequel to *The Godfather*, *The Great Gatsby* with Ali MacGraw, and, improbable as it seems, Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*.

Vienna-born Bluhdorn, now 45 and a bit thinner and grayer than when he was the wunderkind of conglomerates several years ago, expects that *The Godfather* will lift G. & W. earnings close to their alltime record set in 1968. The company is likely to report sales of around \$1.6 billion and net operating profits of slightly under \$68 million, up \$13 million from last year.

The Godfather will make G. & W.'s Leisure Time Group its second most profitable arm. The company's top moneymaker is Associates Corp. of North America, a finance and insurance subsidiary that brings in some 47% of the profits. Like other conglomerates, G. & W. in the past propped up reported profits by taking advantage of liberal accounting rules. For example, in 1967-68 G. & W. sold many of Paramount's old films and recorded earnings from the deal as straight operating profits, instead of nonrecurring gains. But G. & W. has not made such sales lately, and outside accountants who have read its recent financial statements say that the "quality" of its earnings is higher than in past years.

To revitalize the company, Bluhdorn has sold off unprofitable plants and cut staff. In addition, he says, "We brought in new top managers in almost every division." G. & W. is doing considerably better than several still troubled conglomerates, including LTV, Litton and Teledyne. Wall Street is taking notice. Last week G. & W. stock was selling in the mid-40s, way up from its 1970 low of \$9.

CHARLES BLUHDORN IN MANHATTAN OFFICE



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CORPORATIONS

See How They Grow

FORTUNE's annual compilation of figures for the nation's 500 largest industrial companies this week, serves as a kind of X ray of the corporate sector of the U.S. economy: it illuminates trends that can be discerned only dimly in individual company reports. Among last year's notable tendencies were a somewhat disconcerting ability of the big companies to cut employment while increasing sales, a continued sharp decline in merger activity and what looks like the beginning of a turn away from diversification.

Overall, 1971 was a middling-good year for the 500. They increased total sales 8.4%, to nearly \$503 billion, and profits 8%, to \$23.4 billion. The figures, however, are considerably distorted by the standout performance of General Motors, which benefited from a banner year for auto sales. By itself, G.M. accounted for three-quarters of the profit gain posted by the entire group. Other giants got bigger, too. Seven companies joined the once-exclusive billion-dollar-sales club, raising membership to 127. The newcomers: Philip Morris, Nabisco, Bristol-Myers, Combustion Engineering, Campbell Soup, Iowa Beef Processors and CBS. Meanwhile, Standard Oil of California became the twelfth U.S. company to register sales of more than \$5 billion a year.

The 500 also slightly increased their leverage in the U.S. economy—though in such a way as to raise questions about their efficiency. Last year they accounted for 66% of all sales by industrial companies, up from 65% in 1970 and little more than 50% a decade earlier. Their share of industrial profits, however, stayed put at 75%, almost unchanged from 1970. Obviously, smaller companies have been increasing their profitability more rapidly than the large corporations, suggesting perhaps that some of the 500—G.M. excluded—have pushed past their optimum size.

In one respect, the 500 demonstrated a pointed kind of efficiency: they sliced employment by 2%, to 14.3 million, while increasing sales. As a result, their average sales per employee rose 10%, to \$35,166. G.M., Ford and ITT, the three biggest employers, all added to their payrolls. But General Electric, the fourth largest, chopped its work force 8.5%, letting 33,600 people go.

Other highlights:

► Only two mergers occurred among the 500 last year: National Steel acquired Granite City Steel, and General Host took over Cudahy. That was the smallest number since 1958; it compared with a recent peak of 23 in 1968. Apparently, the Justice Department's opposition to big mergers is helping to hold them down.

► Twenty-four companies wrote off a startling total of \$1.5 billion in various losses last year, and some of the

largest represented the cost of unwinding profitless diversification. RCA wrote off \$490 million as the expected loss on liquidation of its computer business. American-Standard has shucked its mining-equipment and air-conditioning divisions, and is getting out of recreational-land development, mobile-home parks and foreign housing. Write-off: \$122 million.

ADVERTISING

Living Bras—of Sorts

Bra makers have long chafed under the advertising restrictions imposed by the National Association of Broadcasters Code Authority, which must approve all television commercials. The Code Authority decrees that a live model in a bra commercial must be fully clothed and if a mannequin is used, it must be headless or armless—preferably both. In an era of explicitness—and occasionally bralessness—some bra makers are eager to push the product beyond a plastic torso or levitating apparition. Lately they have been pressing the code to its literal limit, with some strange results.

A new commercial for Playtex Living Bras opens with the announcement: "And now—introducing a new way of living in comfort." It certainly is. Striding on to the home screen is a fully clothed model, smiling serenely—and wearing her bra over her dress. An ad for Maidenform uses boards painted with a series of life-size figures; the figures have bras—but no heads. A live model pops from figure to figure while making the sales appeal. Her pitch: "Maidenform's Rated X bra makes you look beautiful."



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Berlin Diary

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A PORTRAIT OF BERLIN IN THE 1920'S

by OTTO FRIEDRICH

418 pages. Harper & Row, \$10.

The Weimar Republic sort of happened about lunchtime, Nov. 9, 1918. Philipp Scheidemann, the Social Democratic Party's deputy leader, was having a bowl of potato soup in the Reichstag dining room when he was told that the Kaiser had abdicated and that Karl Liebknecht, the left-wing firebrand, was about to proclaim Germany a Soviet republic. To head him off, Scheidemann hurried to a balcony and shouted to the crowd below: "Workers and soldiers. The cursed war is at an end. The Emperor has abdicated. . . . Long live the German Republic!" That night, over a secret line from GHQ in Belgium, came a message for the Socialist leaders from the chief of staff: "The officer corps expects the government will fight against Bolshevism and places itself at the disposal of the government."

So the revolution of 1918 was not a revolution but a maneuver. The Socialists took over the government and created the Weimar Republic. The real power, however, remained with the conservative army and the career bureaucrats in Berlin. It was later handed over to the political right and to Adolf Hitler. But before that happened, Berliners lived through one of history's extraordinary decades. Rid of its tasteless Hohenzollern constraints, and at the same time having avoided the constricting new dogmas of Marxist revolution, Germany blossomed intellectually. In the liberal, democratic '20s, Berlin was feverish with new ideas in atonal music, Einsteinian physics, Freudian psychoanalysis, expressionist art, Bauhaus architecture, Brechtian theater, not to mention kinky sex and despairing occultism, all pursued against a counterpoint of political riot and assassination.

Vivid Portrait. The city and the decade provide a nostalgic paradox that has fascinated novelists, scholars and citizens from Christopher Isherwood and Hannah Arendt to the long lines currently waiting to see Liza Minnelli in *Cabaret*. Otto Friedrich has combined history and cultural journalism to produce the most vivid portrait of the period yet written. Weaving back and forth in time and place between Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Goebbels, between Berlin and Hollywood, between 1920 memoirs and 1971 interviews, the author, who is a former managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and now a *TIME* senior editor, has re-created Berlin, and its city moves.

The culture is plentiful and the gossip spicy. Yet Friedrich is never far away from the presentiment of the hor-



HINDENBURG IN WORLD WAR I

ror to come. What turns out to be most significant about the era is not its spectacular vulgarity and lust, or the brilliance of its art, but its sheer inattention to what was really happening—the long struggle between Communists, Socialists and Nazis. The popular stance in politics was a traditionally stolid German "*Ohne mich*"—"Include me out." Friedrich describes a night when, despite fighting in the streets, U.F.A., Germany's giant movie company, went ahead with its press preview for *Carmen*, starring Pola Negri and directed by Ernst Lubitsch. "The champagne was chilled to perfection," Miss Negri recalled. "We sat down and the film began. I heard a faint sound in the distance. . . . gunfire." Had he heard it too? Miss Negri asked Lubitsch. "Shh," said Lubitsch. "There's nothing anybody can do. Watch the picture."

Most men of culture and science wore blinders. When the Nazis eventually forced Conductor Bruno Walter to flee Germany in 1933, he was non-political: Why him? "I had never taken an active part in politics." In his *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, written in 1918, Thomas Mann proclaimed that he was unpolitical and proud of it. He changed his mind later. The pit of politics was left to ambitious drones or dregs. In the end it was a couple of well-born smart-alecks, General Kurt von Schleicher and ex-Lieut. Colonel Franz von Papen, both conservatives, both of good regiments, who delivered Weimar over to the Nazis. They were also both favorites of the republic's beloved 85-year-old President Paul von Hindenburg (who at least had the excuse of senility), and cronies of his incompetent,



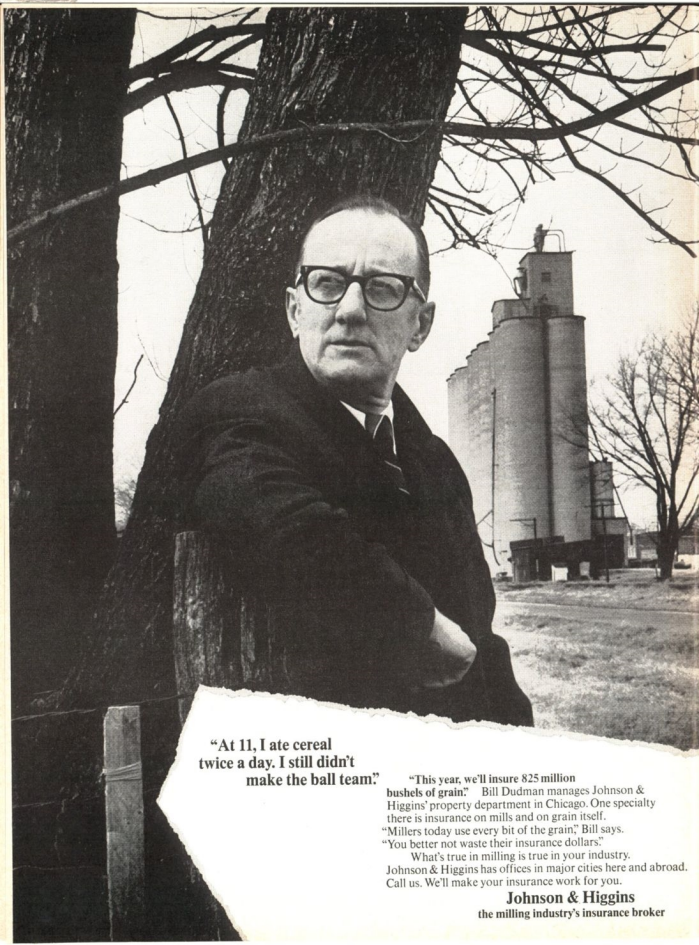
POLA NEGRI IN "BELLA DONNA" (1923)

DIETRICH IN "THE BLUE ANGEL" (1929)
Time for "Include me out."

corruptible son Oskar. Confidently they set out to grab power and outflummox that ex-Corporal Adolf Hitler.

First the two got Hindenburg to fire the incumbent Chancellor and replace him with Von Papen. The delighted Hindenburg beamed: "Now I can have a Cabinet of my friends." Then, in a double-cross, Schleicher had Von Papen ousted and became Chancellor himself, planning to lure Germany by splitting the Nazi Party and taking over a third of Hitler's Reichstag deputies. The plan had some merit; large numbers of Nazis, including at one time Berlin Party Chief Joseph Goebbels, thought Hitler had sold out to the capitalists.

But Von Papen contrived Schlei-



**"At 11, I ate cereal
twice a day. I still didn't
make the ball team."**

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The Shure M91E is a light-tracking, high trackability elliptical cartridge which is second only to the incomparable V1511 in the Shure line of cartridges. Its performance on any high quality record player with a counter-balanced tonearm is bound to satisfy you by providing clean record reproduction and prolonging the life of your records. Usually these go for \$29.50.



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The Miracord 630 automatic four-speed record player is better than the Miracord 620, which was justly praised by a leading authority in the field. It has all the desirable features: anti-skate, a balanced arm, cueing, and feather-touch pushbutton operation. It also has a stylus overhanging adjustment and a heavy platter for low rumble. Use this coupon and be sure to get a base, a dustcover and a Stanton 500E elliptical diamond cartridge included in our low price.

WOW! \$74.50 DYNACO A-25's FOR \$55

Dynaco A-25 speakers are not without favorable reviews. Not only are they a remarkable value at our regular store price of \$74.50 each in walnut, but they sound quite good enough with all price considerations forgotten. Each walnut cabinet contains a ten-inch bass speaker and a dome treble speaker. Our price will move a bunch of A-25's right on out, and very quickly - so don't wait.



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If you've been looking for a stereo tape deck with professional features and the professional quality to match, you've found it. The Ampeg AX-300 records and plays in both directions, with automatic reversing. Six heads and three motors make it all possible, and you also get built-in four-line mixing, switchable special effects, computer logic solenoid pushbuttons, and super quiet recording capabilities. The VU meters have professional NAB damping characteristics, and an external bias adjustment allows selection for any tape characteristics. The AX-300 is one fantastic deck, well worth the previous \$599.95 fair trade price, let alone \$150 less, or \$449.95.

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Dept. T-1

Check items ordered. Your name will automatically indicate payment here; add 5.5% sales tax if you live in California. All orders shipped be added to our list for advance notification of sales. freight collect. (We ship pretty quickly, but there may be a little delay on some items.)

☐ Two Dynaco A25's @ \$54.95 each

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Charge to my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Mastercharge. Please give all raised letters and numbers on your credit card:

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The First National Bank of Chicago maintains an active market in tax-free municipal bonds.

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5-TM-15

JOCK ITCH ISN'T SOMETHING TO BE TREATED LIGHTLY.



Jock Itch is a fungous infection. It can become serious. It can keep coming back even though you try all manner of "remedies," from baby powder to petroleum jelly.

But you can get fast relief with Cruex®, the spray-on medicated powder specifically made to fight Jock Itch.

Cruex soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation. And absorbs perspiration (an important factor in the growth of Jock Itch fungi—*trinea cruris*). Its medication directly attacks susceptible fungi. And because you spray Cruex on, you can reach into hard-to-get-at places and avoid the sting or burn of rubbing, dabbing, or smearing. So fight Jock Itch seriously (and help keep it from recurring) with cooling, soothing Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

CRUEX. THE MEDICATED SPRAY SPECIALLY FORMULATED TO FIGHT JOCK ITCH.

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BOOKS

cher's fall and convinced Hindenburg that the way to neutralize Nazi power was to give Hitler the chancellorship and then surround him with conservative ministers. Within a year Schleicher had been killed and Germany belonged to the Führer.

Was it all inevitable? No, says Friedrich, "it could have been avoided up to the very day on which Hitler took power," and his book creates an agonizing, step-by-step awareness of how things might have gone differently. Hitler thought so too; just two months before he came to power in 1933 he was threatening suicide in despair over an impending split in the Nazi Party. Shortly before that, in Germany's last free election, the Nazis lost 2,000,000 votes, and dropped 34 Reichstag seats.

This ground has been gone over a billion times, with a billion tears and a billion regrets. But it is still fascinating. For, in its foolishness, its richness and its disorder, Weimar haunts our times—now more than ever. ■ Sam Halper

Beautiful and Be Damned

THE UNCROWNED QUEEN

by ISHBEL ROSS

349 pages. Harper & Row. \$8.95.

"The splendor of her breasts," wrote an early biographer, "made madmen everywhere." He might also have mentioned her energy, ambition, courage, cunning, charm, wit and wardrobe. It took all those things, and plenty of gall besides, to turn Eliza Gilbert into Lola Montez, famous dancer, mistress of Franz Liszt and Alexandre Dumas père, intimate of kings and prime ministers, *de facto* ruler of Bavaria during Ludwig I's declining years, and belle of the California gold rush.

Who was Lola? Rumor had it (probably from Lola's own lips) that she was the daughter of Lord Byron... or maybe of a matador. In fact, as this perfectly sober biography with a plot like a chambermaid's dream shows, Lola was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1818, the daughter of an 18-year-old lieutenant and a 13-year-old chorine. When she was seven, Eliza's father died of cholera in India. Shipped home to Scotland, the child appealed her stepfather's Presbyterian parents by running naked through the streets. Hustled off to school in Paris, she perfected a homicidal temper and a gift for languages. At 19, she eloped to Ireland with a lieutenant named Thomas James, who soon ran off with a captain's wife. Eliza changed her name to Lola Montez, and under the protection of two great and good friends, Lord Malmesbury and Lord Brougham, made her stage debut in London as a Spanish dancer. The show closed, but a star was born.

At 25, Lola was what the Victorians called "a superb piece." She had skin like a Dresden shepherdess, hair like a black velvet shawl, eyes that flashed and flickered like sapphires in firelight.

If you want really inside business advice, take a look at what the insiders are buying.

Some of the country's most astute buyers of advertising are buying network radio.

In such numbers and volume that the medium appears headed for a five-year sales high or better in 1972.

And the best year-to-year gain since 1964.

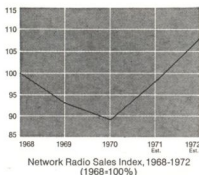
Take the CBS Radio Network. Commitments new this year or back after a long absence include: Borden, Champion Spark Plug, B. F. Goodrich, Hershey Foods, Kraftco, Mobil Oil, Nestle, Magnavox, Volkswagen.

(Add these to the dozens of blue-chip types using us all along—like Armour, Campbell Soup, all the major U. S. auto makers, General Mills, Eastman Kodak—and you have a pretty formidable list.)

The upswing began in 1971, when the economy prompted national advertisers, large and small, to take a hard look at their print and television, and a new look at radio—particularly *network* radio.

And they found large audiences, wide reach, and creative advertising opportunities at unfashionably low costs. Which suddenly started looking very fashionable.

So—it looks like a 10 percent sales jump in 1972.



The CBS Radio Network leads the field in this resurgence. With the top billings and greatest number of advertisers. With the largest adult audience averages and most listener-users for major consumer product categories.

We think the main reason for all this is that we keep innovating, updating, and otherwise improving our own product.

This year we've brought out nine new regular program series, involving 35 broadcasts a week. (More than all other networks have introduced in the past year.) We've also launched a whole new program concept, *weekend specials*. Like "The Twenty-First Century," sponsored in its entirety by Western Electric. And coming up: "Exploring America with Charles Kuralt," the weekend of May 20/21.

Take good fresh programming and combine it with high-ranking affiliates in top markets—and you get consistent audience leadership.

So it makes sense to think of us first when you decide to make a move in our medium.

A lot of very smart money says you should.

The CBS Radio Network 
Where The Customers Are.

Sources: RADAR Spring 1971; BRI/RADAR 1971. Sales Index—CBS Radio Network, based on published FCC data; 1971 & 1972, RAB Estimates.

Enjoy a delicious Sauza Margarita:

1-1/2 oz. Tequila Sauza
1/2 oz. DeKuyper Triple Sec
1 oz. lemon or lime juice

Shake with ice, strain and serve
in cocktail glass rimmed with
salt and citrus flavor.



**Sauza is the largest-selling Tequila
in Mexico and the world.**

Tequila Sauza 80 proof. Sole Dist. U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

Minnesota

"The forests abound with fish and game and silence." *

A man can re-create on weekends. He comes
back a more productive man. He likes living
in Minnesota, and it shows in his work.

**Quoted from an article in "Western's World"*

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I'm interested in Minnesota. Send me facts:

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

All inquiries held in strict confidence

It's good to be in Minnesota

HELPO CRANE—LIFE



LOLA MONTEZ (1847)

Liszt was all played out.

When a man got her Irish up, she cut
him across the face with a riding whip.
She once fired a pistol at a disappoint-
ing lover. What Lola wanted, Lola got.

In St. Petersburg, Lola got a "pri-
vate audience" with the Czar, who gave
her 1,000 rubles for services rendered.
In Dresden, she got Liszt, the great lov-
er of the age, and so wore him out that
one night he locked her in a hotel room
and fled, leaving a substantial sum to
pay for the furniture he knew she would
break. In Paris, she got culture and a
taste for liberal politics in the company
of Balzac, Lamartine, George Sand,
Victor Hugo, and especially Dumas
père. She found the great love of her
life, however, with a talented radical ed-
itor named Alexandre Dujarier.

He was soon killed in a duel, but he
had somehow refined Lola's primitive
hunger for sex and power. In Munich,
a year after Dujarier's death, she opened
the climactic episode of her career by
striding unannounced into the study of
King Ludwig I of Bavaria, an aging aes-
thete who had transformed his dowdy
Munich into the Florence of the north.
When the King asked the lady if her fig-
ure was a work of nature or of art, the
story goes, Lola snatched up a pair of
scissors and ripped open her bodice. "I
am bewitched," the King later told his
council. "I know not how."

Lola ruled Ludwig's kingdom as
well as his imagination, and to the dis-
may of Prince Metternich, the Austri-
an archconservative who was master of
Europe between the two Napoleons, her
rule was quite liberal—she harassed the
Jesuits and introduced the Code Napo-
léon. In 1847 Metternich offered Lola
\$250,000 if she would quietly go away;
Lola threw the money in his emissary's
face. Then Metternich organized a stu-
dent riot, and Lola fell into his trap.
Haughtily, she got Ludwig to close the
university. The students rioted again,

Southern Airways

the nice way to

Memphis: the most non-stop Jets from close-in Midway Airport.

Leave 7:40 am, 11:20 am or 6:40 pm. Delicious meals served. Fare only \$45.

Huntsville, Birmingham: the only morning Thru-Jet service.

Leave 7:40 am. Fares only \$46 to Huntsville, \$50 to Birmingham.

Also Thru-Jets to Columbus, Miss., Greenville, Miss., Monroe, Baton Rouge, Jackson/Vicksburg, Montgomery, Mobile and Gulfport/Biloxi.

Isn't it nicer to fly in comfort? We think so. That's why we offer roomier, 2 and 3 seating at the same fare as the other guy's Day Jet Tourist.

And it's good to save money, too. You can with us. Ask about our low-cost fare deals: "Long Weekend Fare", Family Plan, "Discover America", Group 10 Fare, or our special fares for Military and Youths.

Convenient schedules, roomier seating, money-saving fare deals, aren't these pleasant ways to treat people?

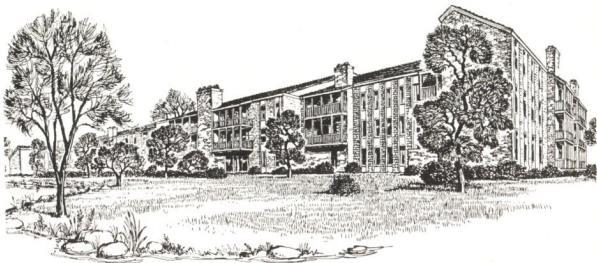
For reservations see your Travel Agent or call Southern at 726-6273. Outside Chicago dial toll-free 800-241-9385. Or visit our ticket office closest to you: Conrad-Hilton Lobby, 33 N. Dearborn St., Hancock Center, 208 S. LaSalle St., 445 N. Michigan Ave., 310 S. Michigan Ave., 35 E. Monroe St., O'Hare Inn, Regency Hyatt House.



Southern Airways
We serve the nicest people
the very nicest way we know.

Announcing Waterfront Condominiums at The Streams.

Join carefree living in the country.



A lagoon will stretch lazily to meet The Stream's new 48-unit condominiums. A hint of how relaxing it is to live here.

Even parking your car is a pleasure: the garage is underground and heated. An elevator takes you up to your floor at the touch of a button.

Four different floor plans to choose from. One-to-three bedrooms, one or two baths. And separate storage areas, too.

Three of the plans give you separate living room and dining room; the fourth plan combines the two into one large area, 33'8" x 13'4".

A kitchen with a breakfast nook. A patio or balcony. And your own washer/dryer combination.

A fireplace may be added at your request. And your extra bedroom may

be redesigned into a sewing room. Or perhaps a cozy den or library. The one you always wanted.

This is pride in ownership combined with convenience. Here you've escaped the dull routine chores. There's a professional full-time maintenance staff to take care of them for you. And a 24-hour security system as well.

This is The Streams. One of America's most innovative communities. 27 acres of lagoons, parks and play areas have been set aside for relaxation, and are just

steps from your door. All yours to enjoy.

Swimming. Tennis. Fishing. Whatever you feel like doing. You'll have the time now.

Even if it's just stretching out under your favorite tree.

Special introductory prices from \$29,900 to \$47,900. Down payment as low as \$3,000. Visit our displays soon.



Write or phone for our handsome illustrated brochure. Shannon, Inc. 1536 Stonebridge Trail, Wheaton, Ill. 312/665-7270

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Give Basic/Four the business — all your business records. Basic/Four stores everything on a central magnetic disc. It does all your accounting, inventory control, sales analysis, payroll . . . everything. Then it delivers the data and reports you need on a video display or high-speed printout.

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By return mail, we'll send you a fact-filled, full-color brochure about The Business Computer.

Or phone us now: (312) 654-4800.

*lease/purchase



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Please send me your fact-filled brochure on the unusual
Basic/Four Business Computer.

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"He's important to us.
Let's take him to a
restaurant that
serves lamb."



American lamb on the menu is the mark of a fine restaurant. Hearty roast leg of lamb, elegant French lamb chops, lamb en brochette. Whether the treat's on you or on your expense account, choose a restaurant that serves lamb. It puts your guest in a receptive mood.

Dept. LCFS-171, 200 Clayton Street
Denver, Colorado 80206



**american
lamb
council**

and now the riot was swollen by thousands of tradespeople who stood to lose the students' business. Barricades went up all over town; revolution was pending. "I will never abandon Lola!" the King shouted. "She is the most noble of creatures. My crown for Lola!" Persuaded at last that the mob would kill her if he did not banish her, Ludwig yielded. Lola made the next train out of town, a casualty of her own political incompetence.

Gold Rush. Lola never altogether recovered from the double loss of Du-jarier and Bavaria. But at 35, after severe bouts of sickness and marriage, she rallied enough to join the California gold rush. She opened a frontier salon in a mining camp called Grass Valley and stocked it with Ludwig's jewels, Louis Seize cabinets, ormolu mirrors, Kanaka houseboys, a swan bed, a pet bear and every Senator, Governor or millionaire she could find. In the back of her mind, as letters discovered after her death made clear, was a plot to capture California from the U.S. and set herself up as Queen of Lolaland.

Weirder fantasies soon set in. Lola took refuge in astrology and nature mysticism. She revived briefly to write a book of beauty secrets (to prevent wrinkles, she suggested binding thin slivers of raw beef tightly around the face) and made some lecture tours ("Let historical justice be done to the intellect of woman," she implored. "I am content to leave the history of her heart and moral life, without comment, to defend itself by contrast with that of the other sex"). But at 41, she had a schizophrenic collapse. She spent the last two years of her life shuffling along the sidewalks of New York, imploring God to forgive her "wicked" life. She died at 43 after a stroke. "In the 18th century," wrote Augustin Thierry, "she would have played a great Pompadour role, with taste in small things and courage in big ones . . . She was born a hundred years too late." Or a hundred years too soon.

• Brad Darrach

Mercurial God

THE DINOSAUR FUND

by VARTANIG G. VARTAN

391 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$7.95.

A football game reminds Mutual-Fund Manager Denver Milliken of the stock market: anyone who hopes to succeed must have a plan. The lines that stock prices trace on a chart suggest to Milliken the curves of a woman's body—and, the reader suspects, vice versa. For Milliken, a 29-year-old fictional prototype of the "gunslingers" who rode high on Wall Street in the late '60s, the market is everything: father, mother, wife and mistress; food, drink and recreation; be-all and end-all.

Which makes him a rather dull fellow to be the protagonist of a novel. Accordingly, the author, a veteran financial reporter who now writes the New

It started out as a simple peanut.

Like most products or ideas, peanuts started out plain and simple. And in most cases they would have remained that way but for the lively competition of nationally advertised brand names. The kind of competition that's turned the peanut into all the things it is today.

Brand names are what manufacturers call their products. You see them on every package. These product names compete with one another. Try to offer more. More variety. Satisfaction. Consistent quality. Value. And they let you know about it through advertising. Let you know the facts. And if they don't live up to what they say they don't have their names for very long.

When brand names compete, products get better. Ever notice?

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.,



The Los Angeles Expressway

At Continental Airlines we take a good deal of pride in being the leader in having made life easier and better for business travelers. But we've never been prouder than we are today in announcing the Los Angeles Expressway. It's a whole new approach to traveling between Chicago and Los Angeles. Our thinking is this: as an important businessman you've got more important things to worry about than your ticket, your gate number, your bags, your seat and your diet. Try it once and you'll never go back to "flying" again.

JUST LOOK FOR THE EXPRESSWAY SIGNS.

EXPRESSWAY CHECK-IN: At the curb. Expressway Green baggage tags mean special handling.

EXPRESSWAY TICKETING: Our Director of Passenger Service will ticket you on board if you arrive at the last minute.

EXPRESSWAY VALET: Exclusive Expressway space for suit hangers and hand luggage on our DC-10s and 747s.

EXPRESSWAY DOUBLES: Twice as big—at the regular cocktail price in Coach and Economy.

EXPRESSWAY PLANES: In just a few weeks, every plane on the Los Angeles Expressway will be DC-10s and 747s.* That means more room, more quiet, more relaxation. Plus our famous Polynesian Pub for Coach passengers.

EXPRESSWAY INNOVATIONS: We're going to keep improving the Los Angeles Expressway. We'll be trying out wine-tasting flights, make-your-own-sandwich flights, new entrees. Special menus for kids. Anything that makes it better for you. For information and reservations call your travel agent or Continental at 686-6500.

*One afternoon flight to Ontario will be a 707. But it's like no other 707.

The Los Angeles Expressway
only on
CONTINENTAL AIRLINES 
The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail



JACQUELINE by PICASSO, 6' x 7'5" \$36.00

MASTER TAPESTRY & SCULPTURE OF INVESTMENT QUALITY

Occasionally, an opportunity so unique arises, you feel compelled to make an investment in an exceptional work of art.

Merrill Chase galleries now affords you just such an opportunity. For the first time, magnificent sculptures and tapestries by the masters are available for purchase at our galleries. Sculptures such as Rodin's "The Man With The Broken Nose" shown here, as well as famous works from such geniuses as Renoir, Maillol, Zuniga, Bourdelle and Zennaro. Original tapestries from contemporary artists such as

Miro, Klee, Warhol and Picasso, whose tapestry JACQUELINE is illustrated above. Each of these works is an ageless treasure to be cherished and enjoyed. Do come in and browse. You are welcome to see and touch these exquisite sculptures and tapestries.

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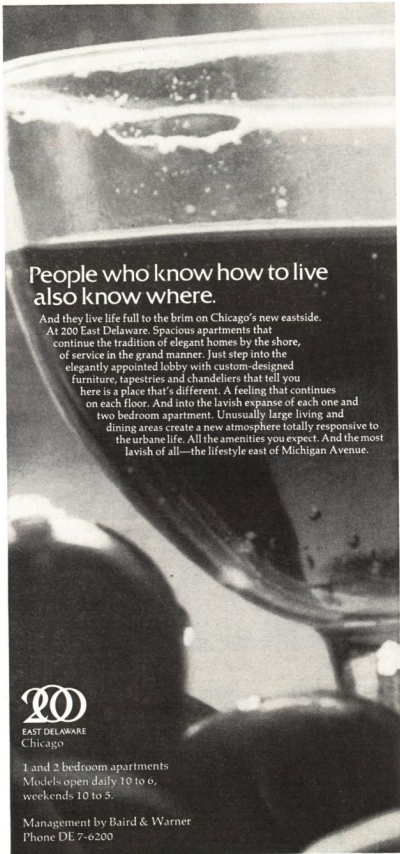
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BOOKS

York Times daily stock market reports, has also written into his story a kind of primer on mutual-fund management. Sample advice: "Buy the stocks of dominant companies in small but growing industries with a low profile." Vartan also offers a collection of anecdotes about bulls and bears of the past, which his characters recount with the fervor of Hot Stove League fanatics swapping memories about Willie Mays' catches or Curt Flood's legal problems. Vartan has also unwisely included some love affairs and a subplot about Milliken's revenge on the ex-basketball player who stole his first girl. Alas, it is all too obvious that to Milliken and colleagues, such matters are distractions; the excitement of sex can never equal the blood-pounding tension of making a killing on a big short sale.

But *The Dinosaur Fund* succeeds as well as anything in print at conveying the atmosphere of that strange world where life is infused into new fortunes with a few beats of the stock ticker. It is a man's world. It is a world of immense wealth, of private airplanes equipped with tiled showers and Roman baths in inner offices, all described with goggle-eyed wonder. The book's main plot is a conflict in investment strategy between Milliken, who thinks that prices can go only up, and his boss, Choate Cavendish, who lives for the day when such whippersnappers find out what happens in a crash. In the end, though, neither man is the protagonist. Vartan's real hero is the market itself—a kind of mercurial god that exalts its worshippers one moment, devours them the next, and demands single-minded devotion always. ■ George J. Church

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Word, Wallace* (2 last week)
- 2—*The Winds of War, Wauk* (1)
- 3—*The Blue Knight, Wambaugh* (3)
- 4—*The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth* (8)
- 5—*The Exorcist, Blatty* (4)
- 6—*Captains and the Kings, Caldwell*
- 7—*The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Higgins*
- 8—*Wheels, Hailey* (5)
- 9—*The Assassins, Kazan* (6)
- 10—*11 Harrowhouse, Browne* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Game of the Foxes, Farago* (1)
- 2—*Open Marriage, Nena and George O'Neill* (4)
- 3—*The Boys of Summer, Kahn* (10)
- 4—*Tracy and Hepburn, Kanin* (2)
- 5—*The Moon's a Balloon, Niven* (5)
- 6—*The Truth About Weight Control, Dr. Neil Solomon with Sally Sheppard*
- 7—*The Defense Never Rests, Bailey with Aronson* (9)
- 8—*The Savage God, Alvarez*
- 9—*Bring Me a Unicorn, Lindbergh*
- 10—*Eleanor and Franklin, Losh* (6)

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Madrid	320	389
Milan	352	420
Munich	336	410
Nice	354	422
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Rome	389	452
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RELIGION

Garner Ted Armstrong, Where Are You?

Until last fall, lean, gray-templed Garner Ted Armstrong was the quintessential religious soft-sell artist. His program called *The World Tomorrow* was carried on some 400 radio and 99 TV stations. His slick, free monthly called *The Plain Truth* went to 2,100,000 subscribers. To the millions of Americans who followed him, Garner Ted dispensed glib solutions to such problems as drugs, crime, broken marriages and delinquent children—all implicitly in the name of the Worldwide Church of God. This is a stern, bizarre sect founded in 1934 as the Radio Church of God by Garner Ted's father Herbert W. Armstrong, a Quaker-born ad salesman turned preacher, and still ruled by the elder Armstrong from headquarters in Pasadena, Calif. Garner Ted, 42, was the heir apparent not only to the W.C.G. but also to a church-run institution called Ambassador College: three campuses (in Pasadena; Big Sandy, Texas; and St. Albans, England) where the buildings are expensive and the tuition cheap, the boys' sideburns high and the girls' skirts low.

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE



GARNER TED ARMSTRONG

Then, last October, Garner Ted was suddenly relieved of duties as executive vice president of the church and vice chancellor of Ambassador College. Later his name was expunged from the masthead of *The Plain Truth*. His radio programs were replaced by ten-year-old tapes made by his father.

Bonds of Satan. At first, Herbert told W.C.G. members that Garner Ted was simply taking a long overdue leave of absence. Then, in February, the inner church membership—about 75,000 people—heard a letter from Pasadena so secret that their ministers were ordered to burn it after reading. Its message: Garner Ted was "in the bonds of Satan." At the end of April, the senior Armstrong made a more public statement to the broader church membership—the "co-worker" category, which includes such sympathizers as Chess Grandmaster Bobby Fischer—explaining that Garner Ted had confessed to some kind of transgression against "God, against his church and his apostle, against the wife God gave me in my youth, against all my closest friends."

What sort of transgression? TIME Correspondent Sandra Burton posed the question to Herbert Armstrong in a rare interview last week. "Look up *1 Timothy*, Chapter 3, first five or six verses," replied Armstrong, "and *Titus*, Chapter 1, verse 6." Both passages make two points in common: that a bishop or church elder must be faithful to his wife and rule strictly over believing children. Had handsome Garner Ted succumbed to an old and common temptation? His father was cryptic: "The fault was spiritual, not moral."

In the heterodox, rigidly disciplined Christianity of the Worldwide Church of God, that could mean anything. In Herbert Armstrong's theology, unknown to much of his public, the British and the Americans are among the ten lost Hebrew tribes, destined to fight—and succumb to—a renewed Holy Roman Empire probably led by Germany. Then a Chinese-Russian alliance

will fight the battle of Armageddon with the victor. At first, Herbert Armstrong predicted the beginning of the end for the late 1930s. The most recent Apocalypse was due on Jan. 7, 1972.

In other departures from traditional Christianity, Armstrong and his faithful worship on Saturday, not Sunday; they observe kosher laws set forth in the Old Testament. They celebrate Passover but not Christmas or Easter. They deny the Trinity. But they believe steadfastly in the tithe—so much so that each member is expected to set aside three tithes, or tenths, of his gross income. One-tenth is for church headquarters. One-tenth is for the member's travel expenses to church festivals. And, every few years, yet another tenth is required for "widows and orphans." The church monitors the tithes by computer; one member caught cheating was sentenced to tithe double for the rest of his life.

Royal Style. Small wonder that the church's annual income is estimated at around \$55 million. Or that Founder Armstrong zips round the world to visit such leaders as Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato or India's Indira Gandhi in a Grumman Gulfstream jet that gobbles up at least \$1.5 million a year. Former W.C.G. members charge that the Armstrongs live like kings while members often live in poverty in order to pay their tithes. They maintain that each of the two Armstrongs has elegant homes in Texas, California and England; that Herbert sports a \$1,000 watch and bought a \$2,000 set of cuff links and tie tack for a Jerusalem trip.

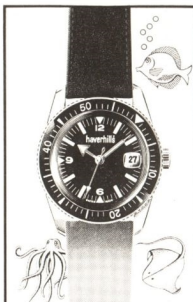
But far worse, others say, is the havoc wreaked on families by Armstrong's unyielding doctrines. One of those doctrines forbids members to undergo any medical treatment. According to ex-Elder John Judy of Akron, a 40-year-old Ohio woman with a history of heart disease died a few months after her minister put her on a diet consisting only of grape juice; the minister did not object when she substituted grape soda. Mrs. Henry W. Peterson of Seattle relates that the W.C.G. broke up her second marriage, of 24 years' standing, because it does not recognize civil divorce. Severe punishment of children is taken as a sign of loyalty to the church, says Judy, who recalls seeing one father spanking his child at a church meeting as if he were "whipping a horse."

If such charges are true, Garner Ted Armstrong might have had any number of reasons to disagree with his father. Indeed, reports one insider, much of the trouble may stem from three sermons Garner Ted gave at Big Sandy, Texas. In one, he wondered aloud why church members did not experience more healings. In another, he emphasized the Apostle Paul—a nearly forgotten man in W.C.G. theology because he talked of a New Covenant replacing the old. During a third, Garner Ted questioned whether the church had the proper presence of the Holy Spirit.

Whatever the cause of Garner Ted's



HERBERT ARMSTRONG AT PASADENA CAMPUS



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RELIGION

disappearance, his father smilingly insisted last week that the errant lad was in Colorado, making the best of his exile. If so, he was not at a favorite retreat on a former sheep ranch near Oak Creek. When Correspondent Burton trekked out to the ranch, she found it deserted, with its electric meter padlocked. It had not been used all winter.

Better Than Lying

It was an unusual inquisition for a young ministerial candidate. But then William Johnson, 25, was an unusual candidate—an admitted homosexual. Some 96 delegates from 19 United Churches of Christ in the San Francisco area met in nearby San Carlos last week to decide whether Johnson should



WILLIAM JOHNSON AWAITING DECISION
An unusual candidate.

be ordained. How did he regard his sexuality? Johnson was asked. "I regard all sexuality as a gift from God and a good gift," he replied. Might he have a confining effect on church youth? "There is a mythology that homosexuals prey on children," said Johnson, "when 98 percent of all pedophiles are heterosexuals." Could he be a good minister without a wife? "I don't really feel I need a wife," Johnson said. "I hope some day to share a deep love relationship with another man."

Johnson's mother had written to the delegates saying that "it isn't easy to accept that your son is a homosexual—but it's far better than having him lie about it. Maybe God is working through him so that all people will be accepted by his church." The delegates apparently agreed, voting 62 to 34 to allow Johnson's ordination in June.

MILESTONES

Married. William F. Knowland, 63, Republican Senate leader during the Eisenhower Administration and publisher of the Oakland *Tribune*; and Ann Dickson, 38, a former model who met Knowland two years ago; both for the second time; in Oakland, Calif.

Married. Lord Shinwell, 87, former Defense Minister and intransigent Laborite spokesman during 42 years in the British Parliament; and Sarah Hurst, 75, a neighbor and lifelong friend; he for the third time, she for the second; in London.

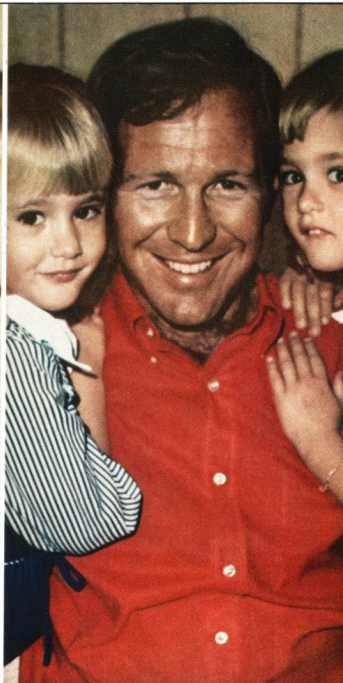
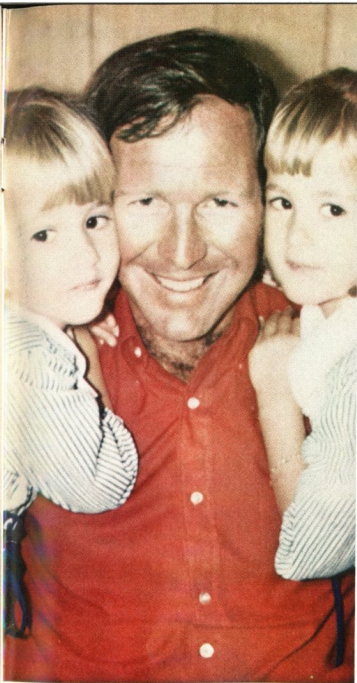
Divorced. Christina Onassis Bolker, 21, Greek shipping heiress who displeased Papa Aristotle by marrying a man more than twice her age; and Joseph R. Bolker, 48, prosperous Los Angeles real estate developer; after nine months of marriage; in Los Angeles.

Died. Peter Morland Churchill, 63, top British agent with the French Resistance during World War II; of spinal cancer; in Cannes, France. Churchill made four clandestine trips (two by submarine, two by parachute) into German-occupied France. On his fourth mission, he and his aide, Odette Sansom, were captured by the Gestapo and tortured. They were spared from execution because the Germans believed they were married and related to Winston Churchill (they were neither). Reunited at war's end, they did marry, and their wartime exploits were made the subject of the 1951 movie *Odette*.

Died. Bruce Cabot, 68, who saved Fay Wray from her simian captor in the 1933 film classic *King Kong*; of lung cancer; in Woodland Hills, Calif. Though he alternated between playing heroes and heavies during the early part of his 40-year film career, Cabot eventually settled down to a routine of bad-guy supporting roles in shoot-'em-ups.

Died. J. (for John) Edgar Hoover, 77, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for nearly half a century (see THE NATION).

Died. Edward C. Kendall, 86, biochemist who, with two colleagues, shared a 1950 Nobel Prize for the discovery of cortisone; in Rahway, N.J. After joining the Mayo Clinic in 1914, Kendall succeeded in isolating thyroxine from the thyroid glands of cattle, a development of importance to patients whose growth had been stunted by hormonal deficiencies. In 1930 he began research into the secretions of the adrenal cortex, and during eight years isolated six hormones, including cortisone, a substance effective in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, Addison's disease and other ailments.



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